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THE UPPER HUDSON.



MOONLIGHT VIEW ON THE UPPER HUDSON.

FORTY-SIX years ago, at the sunset of a calm day in May, the writer first stepped on board a North River steamer, one of the modest precursors of the floating palaces that now ply nightly between the commercial emporium of the Empire State and its civil capital, and from its forward upper deck first enjoyed the glorious view of New York harbor, the busy interlacings of its countless water-craft, the broad expanse of the noble bay at the river's mouth, the sites of Forts Washington and Lee, the palisades, Highlands, reaches of river and land-locked lakes, with towns, villages, and country residences adorning the hills and

sparkling among the foliage on either bank—all these beauties, so often described by tourists, which give to the scenery of the Hudson its acknowledged pre-eminence over the Rhine, and, indeed, every other river on the face of the globe;

"The storied Rhine or far-famed Gundalquiver,
Match they in beauty our own glorious river?

And sights and sounds at which the world hath wondered,
Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
Young freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,
And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
And not a verdant glen or mountain hoary
But treasures up of old some glorious story."

—Charles Fenno Hoffman.



VIEW OF FORT EDWARD.

Discovered in 1609 by an intrepid and experienced English navigator in the Dutch service, Henry, or Hendrick Hudson, Herdson, Hodson, or Hodsdon, who found both "tomb and monument" in the bay and straits that immortalize his name, this noble stream, the property of a single State, sluggish, bay-like, and without tributaries in its lower waters, feels the ocean tides, and is navigable throughout half its length, one hundred and fifty miles, from New York to Troy. The northern tourist loses sight of the river, by flexure of rail, soon after passing the mouth of its principal affluent, the Mohawk, and does not recover it again till he nears Fort Edward, a little above which the stream begins to deflect from its usual course north and south.

Forty years ago, when Lossing made his popular pen and pencil sketches, the fifty-mile stretch of the river from Troy to Fort Edward disclosed its varied scenery of hill and vale and woodland, alternating rapids and lake-like expanses, thrifty farm-houses, fields, and villages to the curious voyager perched upon the deck of a canal packet; but since the construction of the railroad to Saratoga, the "ditch" has been deserted by travel, and some of the finest views and some of the most renowned and classic fields of battle and strategy connected with the Hudson and the Revolution, have been

reached and seen only by the special tourist, or the ardent and enthusiastic hunter after famous localities.

The centennial celebration of Burgoyne's capture in October, 1877, drew wide attention to that important chapter of the history of the Revolution, and interested thousands in the Upper Hudson and its historic associations. Profoundly moving to the American heart is the recollection that one of the "fifteen de-

cisive battles of the world from Marathon to Waterloo," was fought in America and on the west bank of the Upper Hudson. Not one of the fifteen fields was more stubbornly contested, not one of them decided a more important issue, not one of them was more far-reaching in its effects. This one field, in two set engagements, virtually decided the contest, separated the colonies from Great Britain, unified them, made the paper Declaration of Independence a substantial reality, and created a new nation. The grand water-courses of New York, Champlain, Hudson, Mohawk, allured the confident planner of the inland campaign to swift destruction. Others might content themselves with breaking off here and there a fragment from the sea-ward rim of the confederacy; he would march an army, Sherman-like, through the heart of the land. Howe and Clinton should come up the Hudson, he would come down the Hudson; St. Leger should come down the Mohawk; the three irresistible forces should converge at Albany; the rebel territory should be cut in fragments, its armies scattered, its strongholds garrisoned by British troops, and the newly kindled fires of freedom stamped out effectually. Even at this distance of time it makes one's flesh creep like the recital of tragedy to look at the map of Eastern New York, and see how nearly this pretty pro-

gramme was successfully carried out. Burgoyne and his army reached the Hudson at Fort Edward July 30, 1777, in "a delirium of joy." St. Leger reached the Mohawk three days after, and neither general had experienced a single reverse. In twenty days, through the valor of General Herkimer and the diplomacy of Arnold, this Mohawk army was in ignominious retreat, and, in the language of George William Curtis, "Burgoyne's right hand was shattered." Within sixteen days after he reached the Hudson, by the repulse at Bennington "his left hand was shattered." Five weeks later the remaining limbs were mortally crippled, and in seven the body was "shattered" beyond recognition. Burgoyne's acquaintance with the Upper Hudson, so full of grief and misfortune to him, was limited to ten weeks in time and twenty-five miles in distance; but it is startling to recollect that he was within twenty-two miles of Albany, where he boastfully proposed to "eat his Christmas dinner."

On the middle days of September he passed his army across the river from the east to the west bank on a bridge of boats just above the mouth of the Battenkill, a creek which has its sources in the Green Mountain range. By the 18th, making four miles in four days, he was within two miles of the American camp, at a place now called, in canal parlance, "Wilbur's Basin." On the 19th occurred the drawn battle of Stillwater, or Bemis's Heights, known in history as the battle of Saratoga. Here it was that Kosciuszko erected a log Thermopylæ; here it was that courtly, jealous, cautious Gates endeavored to enact the McClellan policy of masterly inactivity, and here it was that he was thwarted in his desire by the mad impetuosity of Arnold. Within cannon shot, and in sight of each other, the

two armies lay in strongly intrenched lines from the 20th of September to the 7th of October. Some contemporary artist has preserved a sketch of Burgoyne's encampment on the west bank of the Hudson above Stillwater, as it appeared in September, 1777. The engraving is from a print published in London in 1779.

On the 7th of October, Burgoyne, uncertain whether to fight or fly, renewed fight, and this time it was no "drawn battle." The British were terribly punished. The inspiring genius of the royal forces, the Arnold of the British side, the gallant Fraser, was singled out by American sharpshooters



BURGOYNE'S ENCAMPMENT AT WILBUR'S BASIN.

and killed, and with his death sank the hopes of the royalist army. In this fight, as in that of September 19th, if Arnold had been seconded by Gates, who feared that he "might do something rash," the English would have been utterly routed, if not annihilated. In estimating Arnold it is necessary for us to get the other side of the terrible treason by which he lost on the Lower Hudson all the glory he had achieved on the Upper. The Revolution reached its turning-point when the accidental scion of the British aristocracy, with his brave officers and men, his members of Parliament, and his German hirelings turned to fly. It is customary to say "if" he had done this, or "if" he had done that, he would



FIRST SAW-MILL ON THE HUDSON.

have been in Albany, or in safe retreat by the way of Fort Edward and Champlain. "If" the instructions to Lord Howe to "effect a junction with Burgoyne at all hazards," had not been pigeon-holed by carelessness in London, the results of the whole campaign might have been different.

Next day, at nightfall, the discomfited leader, with his beaten battalions, camped on the north side of Fish Creek, a little south of the place where they had crossed the Hudson, flushed with hope three weeks before. His seven thousand effective men had wasted to thirty-four hundred; his dusky allies had skulked away; he had less than five days' food in camp; he was surrounded by exultant Americans. To submit to the inevitable was his sole alternative. At the mouth of Fish Creek, on the site of old Fort Hardy, with demonstrations of grief, mortification, and rage, the king's

forces laid down their arms, and hence

"That valley's storied name—
Field of the grounded arms."

These poor fellows were marched to Boston, and then back, and down into Virginia, and kept prisoners till the end of the war by Congress, in spite of the agreement between Gates and Burgoyne, on the suspicion that if the Americans did not do a mean thing the British would!

Near the junction of Fish Creek with the Hudson stood the fine country mansion of General Schuyler, which Burgoyne first occupied as headquarters, and then wantonly burned to the ground. Yet Schuyler suffered more injustice from envious, small-minded Gates than from the pleasure-loving Burgoyne. Schuyler, Arnold, and Washington, each, in turn,

was the victim of the jealousy of this ambitious but narrow Briton. Later events vindicated each, and placed each in his real position before posterity.

A suitable monument is in process of erection on the site of the surrender. The foundation is thirty-eight feet square, and eight feet thick. The granite shaft will rise one hundred and fifty feet above the base. There will be niches in the four large gables, fronting the four points of compass; three of these will be "filled with figures of bronze representing the three generals, Schuyler, Gates, Morgan," the fourth niche will be left vacant, with the word "ARNOLD" underneath. The moves on life's checker-board are curious. Carleton and Schuyler should have been pitted against each other; they were left "out in the cold" by political maneuvers. Arnold turned traitor to his country, and died despised; Burgoyne turned

traitor to the cause he at first supported, and died of "gout,"—suspected of suicide.

Wahcolosencoochaleva, alias Fort Edward, the next important point on the Upper Hudson above Fort Miller, is remarkable not for what it is now, but for its revolutionary and pre-revolutionary traditions and history. The Indian's canoe and the white man's barge had free water passage from the St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Champlain, and from Fort Edward to New York, except where slight portages were required by rapids in the Upper Hudson. Between the head of the lake and the river there intervened twenty-five miles of sand and rocks and rough and swampy land, covered, a hundred years ago, with immense forest trees, and swarming with noxious animals and insects. This was a fearful "portage" for any thing beyond a bark canoe, and yet across these eight leagues of rough territory articles of trade and commerce and munitions of war had to be transported. This region, therefore, was early designated "the great carrying place." These few

leagues cost the army of Burgoyne more labor and fatigue than the whole of the remainder of the distance from Quebec to Stillwater. They built here more than forty bridges, and no end of corduroy road and log causeway for the transport of baggage, troops, and cannon. The narrow military pathway cut through the woods about 1709 had been thoroughly obstructed by felled trees under the orders of General Schuyler.

There are not wanting writers who assert that the enterprising and indefatigable Champlain, discoverer of the lake that bears his name and founder of Quebec, penetrated this wilderness and saw this reach of the Upper Hudson in 1609, the year when his no less

illustrious compeer in discovery, Hudson, made his way to Albany, through its lower waters. For a century Jesuit missionaries and French fur traders had these wild regions all to themselves. In the struggle between British and French for their final possession the entire territory about Champlain, Lake George, and the falls region of



HAQUETTE RIVER.

the Hudson was the scene of fierce battles, ambuscades and bloody encounters. In 1745, under the direction of a French priest, an expedition crossed over from Champlain to the Hudson, and "destroyed Lydius' lumber establishment on the site of Fort Edward." In July, 1755, six hundred men, under command of General Lyman, went out to clear up the old military road along the east side of the Hudson and to rebuild the fort at Lydius' mills, originally built in 1709. At the same time Colonel Miller threw up a block-house and intrenchments nine miles below, near the rapids down which Putnam boldly floated in a canoe when pursued by Indians a few years later. In 1757, after the

bloody destruction of Fort William Henry, on Lake George, by the French and Indians. Fort Edward on the Hudson was the frontier fort of the English colonies on the northern border. It was commanded by the "infamous and contemptible Webbe," who was held responsible for the bloody massacre that followed the capitulation of Fort William Henry, and who was now rightly superseded by Lord Loudon. This rough fron-

agers intent on a good time and the possession of good things; they were "savages," whom a hundred and fifty years of Romish instruction had not Christianized out of their love for blood and scalps. Loyalist and patriot alike fell under the murderous rifle and tomahawk. On Saturday July 26, 1777, Le Loup and his band killed and scalped a whole family of Tories, Allens, nine persons, within six miles of Fort Edward, and on

Sunday morning within half a mile of the well-nigh abandoned fort, they seized the Tory maiden, Jane M'Crea, with or without her consent, it is not known which, hurried her with others away across the flats, to the pine-covered hill, where, in some way, nobody knows how or why, she was killed and scalped and the bloody trophy, a few hours after exhibited to her affianced lover, Lieutenant Jones, scarcely two miles away in the British camp. The mangled remains of the hapless girl were buried three miles below on the river's bank, exhumed and buried in the village burial



THE IRON DAM.

tier fortification, built of logs and earth, sixteen feet high and twenty-two feet thick, was the theater of a few daring achievements by Putnam, the asylum of those who escaped French bullets and Indian tomahawks on the north, and one of the points held in Burgoyne's rear in 1777.

The name of the place instantly calls up the Jane M'Crea tragedy, one of the events of the Revolution that made a prodigious noise at the time on both sides of the Atlantic, and that has not yet lost its romance to youthful readers. The neutral or rather debated ground between contending armies is never safe ground. When Burgoyne was enacting Sherman in the pathless woods of this region a century ago, his "bummers" were not simple for-

ground, half a century later exhumed again and re-interred in the Union Cemetery, where it is hoped her bones may be allowed to repose till the day of final reckoning.

At Fort Edward depot Summer tourists to Lake George "change cars." Two miles north lies Sandy Hill, where the Hudson makes an abrupt turn from its usual course for a quarter of a degree of longitude. At the foot of the hill on which this beautiful village is situated we find Baker's Falls, where the river, four hundred feet wide, descends eighty feet in the course of a mile-broken, by masses of rock which impede its course, into foaming cascades and rushing torrents. In times of high water these falls are imposing and grand. The power is utilized for mill purposes, and a considerable

village has grown up on the Sandy Hill side of the river. Immense manufacturing facilities lie undeveloped on the opposite side of the stream, which might be brought at once into market if the townships on either side of the river appreciated the wealth here hidden sufficiently to connect the opposite banks with suitable bridges. Great public works of general utility always have to fight their way into existence in the face of individual selfishness and narrow local interest, and so a bridge at Baker's Falls is still a thing of the future. If one of the citizens of Sandy Hill, Dr. William H. Miller, to whom the village, the Falls, and the railroad owe so much, had lived, the bridge and the development of the Moreau side of the river might have become accomplished facts.

Three miles higher up the Hudson we come to Glen's Falls, more noted than Baker's Falls, where the river makes a noisy tumble over ragged rocks into a troubled rush of waters below. This fall and the cave below in the limestone rock have become widely known through Cooper's Romance, "The Last of the Mohicans." Thirty-five years ago we were "spooking" around this enchanting scene, one Summer afternoon, when we encountered ex-President John Quincy Adams, dropped from the Saratoga and Lake George stage, on the same errand. The little, bright-eyed, bald-headed, quick-motioned, urbane statesman fell into the hands of some officious local politician, who stationed his victim in the corner of the parlor of the village hotel, and compelled him to go through the ceremony of shaking hands with the scores who flocked around to see this curiosity from the national capital.

The rattle of mills of various descriptions rivals the roar of the rushing waters, divided



GLEN'S FALLS.

by rocky barriers into three foaming torrents, whose romantic beauties, like those of Niagara, are rapidly giving way to the common places of vulgar industries. The village, variously named "the Corners," "Wing's Corners," "Pearlville," "Glenville," "Wing's Falls," "Glen's Falls," is the largest and liveliest in the valley, promising one day to become a great manufacturing locality when capitalists shall have learned the difference between the puny brawling brooks of New England and the mighty water forces of the majestic Hudson with its natural dams and unfailing lakes and springs.

Wise says, "the Corners" got the name "Wing's Falls" from a "soldier" named Abraham Wing. Unluckily for this tradition, Abraham Wing was a Quaker, and had nothing to do with the Revolution except to send in his bills for property destroyed, or supplies taken for the use of the patriot provincials, when Burgoyne swept through this region ravaging and burning as he went. Above Glen's Falls are Jessup's Falls. These are situated just below the great easterly bend of the river in the south-west corner of Luzerne Township. "The gneiss ledge, over which the water rushes, is convex, breaking the falls into sheets of snow-white foam."



KAH-CHE-BON-COOK, OR JESSUP'S GREAT FALLS.

In the course of a mile the river descends a hundred and twenty feet, "rushing through deep rocky cañons and over lofty precipices." "At the big fall on the Hudson, ten miles above Glen's Falls, the entire volume of water pours over a sheer descent of about seventy feet. Above the fall is what is called the 'race,' answering to the rapids above Niagara Falls, "where, for a distance of three hundred yards the river rushes down a sharp decline, gathering strength and impetus for the final leap." Still higher up is a gorge in the rocks, where the river finds passage in a cleft of about fourteen feet space. Across this, legend says "one of the Jessups* jumped to escape a sheriff at the outbreak of the Revolution." Was there ever a natural chasm over which some hero did not make a marvelous jump?

At Jessup's Little Falls the Hudson's waters "rush through a narrow gorge between high rocky cliffs down about twenty feet. A bridge spans the whole, fifty or sixty feet high, the view from which is bold, impressive, and romantic." Civilization is rapidly destroying the romantic features of all these wild wonders of mountain and

woodland nature. On the arm of the Hudson between Jessup's Landing and Fort Edward, no fewer than sixteen saw-mills keep up their busy hum, converting the logs that float down the river in countless thousands into boards for the builder.

The Sacandaga, with eight different orthographies in the New York land papers, "much water," "swamps," or "drowned lands," is the next important western branch of the Hudson

above the Mohawk. It rises where so many of the rivers of the State rise—in the highlands and lakes of Hamilton County. The highlands of Hamilton and Essex Counties send tributaries in all directions to the Hudson, to the St. Lawrence, to Lake Champlain, and Lake Ontario. Emerging from Hamilton County this rapid stream flows south-easterly through the pretty village of Northville, in Fulton County, and then turning north-east, drains the upper portion of Saratoga County, and falls into the Hudson opposite Luzerne, a popular Summer watering place on the Saratoga and Ogdensburg road, in Warren County.

The ride over this recently opened road along the west bank of the Hudson up among the Adirondacks from Corinth, above Saratoga Springs to Riverside, affords many enchanting views of river, mountain, and valley. Civilization has hardly yet penetrated this wilderness except along the river pathway. The river is alternately wide and narrow, deep and shallow, now smooth and now rippling with cascades, and in some places studded with heads of bowlders, so thickly that it is possible to cross by stepping and leaping from rock to rock.

Above the Sacandaga it receives the waters of another eastern affluent, Schroom River, the lower source of which is Schroom Lake, a pretty sheet ten miles long, navi-

*The Jessups were Tories, like numbers in this region. They owned twelve thousand acres of land on the Hudson, which they left and lost when they went to Canada and fought against the American Revolution.

gated by a Summer steambout to the village situated at its head, a city of Summer hotels, where, in the cool air and bright sunshine, city loiterers, in July and August, lounge and feast and sail and bathe and fish and hunt and enjoy magnificent scenery to their heart's content. A pine palace, a genuine Summer retreat, the "Leland House," commands an extensive view of the lake and of the river and valleys beyond on the north, and is itself a conspicuous object to

the approaching voyager miles away on the lake. Schroon River debouches into the Hudson at Watkinsburg, in the midst of bold scenery, and out of ear-shot of the impertinent clatter of the village mills.

Holden, in his history of the town of Queensburg (Albany, 1874), says the name "Schroon is from Shaghnethagrowahna," or "Largest Lake." It is written Scaroon on some of the outline maps, and it has been alleged, on what seems a very slender foundation, that the name was conferred in the



CONFLUENCE OF THE HUDSON AND SACANDAGA.

latter part of the seventeenth century, by a wandering party of Frenchmen, in honor of Madame de Maintenon, the wife of the poet Scarron.

Schroon Lake is but a wider expanse of Schroon River, the northern arm of which comes from the mountains and lesser lakes of Essex County.

At Riverside, a station within six miles of the present terminus of the railroad, six miles from the foot of Schroon Lake, where a pretty suspension bridge spans the shallow,

swift, rocky Hudson, the Methodists of the region have located a Summer resort, like Round Lake and Martha's Vineyard, directly at the base of the wooded hill, and opening up vistas of valley and mountain views in several directions—a camp-ground among the Adirondacks, where those who can not afford the Summer prices of Summer hotels may spend the hot months in board cottages or cloth tabernacles, mingling pleasure in mild and healthful doses with religious



LAKE CATLIN.

devotion. Troy Conference has the ecclesiastical monopoly of the whole of the upper Hudson, and its itinerant circuits overlie the whole of this vast and wild frontier.

One noticeable feature of the Hudson from Fort Miller below Fort Edward, to its sources among the Adirondacks, is the vast number of logs floated down its waters. On the banks of the stream, in the shallows, in the rapids, every-where are stranded logs, singly and in piles, awaiting the freshets to

by the rise of towns and villages. Half a century ago the sawing business was carried on with reckless profusion; only the heart of the log was used, and the rest went to waste, burned, floated down stream, or left to rot in immense piles of refuse. As the forests diminished it became necessary to be more economical of material, and to open up new avenues for supply, and so explorers have penetrated every creek, climbed every hillside, and monopolized the timber lands,



LAKE COLDEN.

float them down the river to the mills, where they are caught by booms and sorted. Every log bears a mark indicating its destination and owner.

The first use a frontier settler makes of the logs of the virgin forest is to build a house of them; the next to burn them recklessly. The extensive forests of Northern New York, in St. Lawrence, Franklin, and other counties were reduced to ashes, and the sole result of their centuries of growth was potash, from the sale of which the early settlers often paid store-bills and for their low-priced lands. The next use of the forest logs was to convert them into the lumber demanded

where there is still going on a fearful slaughter of trees, that promises to denude the mountains and leave the valleys bare, and that is changing the hydrographic condition of the whole land.

These departing forests will have to be replaced by a new growth, or dearth and desert, savage Winters and changed climates will be the penalty future generations will pay for the thoughtless greed of the present.

From Riverside northward, we trace the Hudson as an ever-diminishing stream to its sources among the lakes and mountains. The mountain and lake scenery of the Adirondack region is now world-wide celebrated.



FALL IN THE OPALESCENT RIVER.

Pictures and descriptions convey but faint ideas of its magnificence and variety. Painters revel in its infinite beauties. One of Boston's orators got the sobriquet "Adirondack Murray," by his entertaining descriptions of these charming regions.

Within the limits of Essex County more than a hundred small lakes are found, contained in three groups, lying near the principal mountain peaks. The first of these groups surrounds Mount Marcy. Opalescent River is a pretty little stream receiving the waters of Lake Colden. It consists of a "series of rapids and cascades, here leaping over huge boulders weighing a thousand tons or more, and there sweeping across beds of smooth, glittering pebbles of opalescent feldspar, of which the bed of the stream is full." "The stones are of rich colors, deep blue, brilliant green, pearly white." In one place the river falls more than fifty feet between a narrow chasm in the rock into a gloomy basin below. In the neighborhood

are Mounts Colden, Emmons, Seward, and Whiteface. In the field of view from Mount Tah-hah-was are Mount Washington, king of the White Mountain chain, the Green Mountains of Vermont, on the south the Katsburgs, on the west the mountain ranges of Herkimer and Hamilton Counties.

"Ham's Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, with picturesque rapids at its head, set off by the rounded form of Goodman Mountain in the distant background."

"Rich's Lake is a miniature body of water only two and a half miles long, surrounded by interesting objects, one of which is Goodman Mountain, rising from its southern shore, fourteen hundred feet high, crowned with a curiously formed 'rocky knob.' "Another is a wood-crowned limestone peninsula, called Elephant Island." It does not require much imagination to see a resemblance to the form of this majestic animal in this curious natural conformation.

Lake Catlin, in the town of Newcomb, lies on the line between Essex and Hamilton Counties, partly in each. In this township there are numerous small lakes among the gorges of the mountains, and some of the richest iron ore beds for the manufacture of steel to be found in the world.

Mount Marcy, in Essex County, five thousand four hundred and sixty-seven feet above sea-level, the highest peak in the State, the Tah-hah-was of the Indian tribes, "he splits the sky," rivals Mt. Washington in grandeur. "The rocks of this region are principally of igneous origin, and the mountains wild, rugged, and rocky. A large share of the surface is unfit for cultivation, but the region is rich in minerals, especially in an excellent variety of iron ore. All this wild part of the State widely known as the "Adirondack region," chiefly concerns us in this article, because from these lofty heights come the waters of the Upper Hudson. Dix Peak, five thousand two hundred feet above the tide; Nipple Top, four thousand nine hundred feet; Mounts M'Martin and M'Intyre are each over five thousand feet high. Across one of these remote mountain sources of the Hudson nature has thrown a massive dyke of iron "stretching across



SWAMP TRAVEL.

the valley, and barring in the waters like an artificial dam."

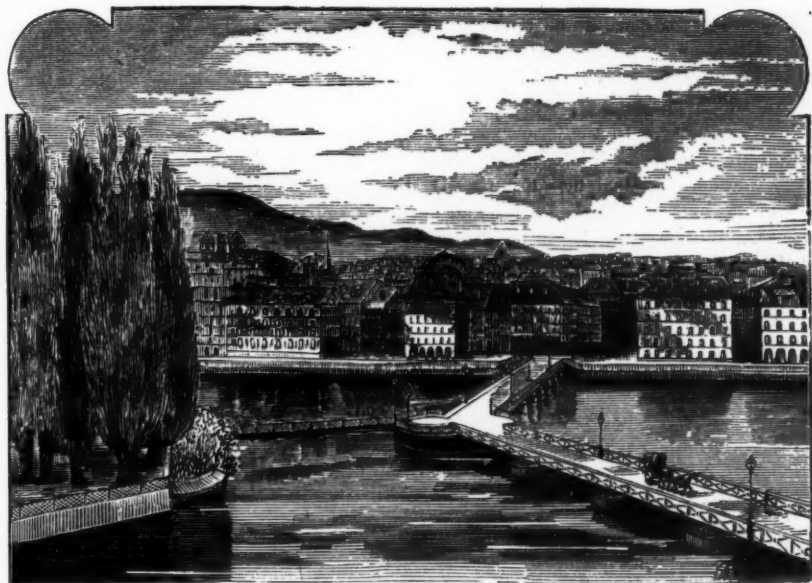
Over these wild, rough, rocky mountainous regions, now haunted by lumber-men, tourists, hunters, guides, and humble settlers, powerful savage tribes, and more

savage animals, roamed a century ago. They are gone, and with them the abundant game so attractive in former years to the Indian and to white sportsmen of the Leatherstocking stamp. In a few years naught will remain but the unalterable features of nature, the rivers, the vales, the lakes, the mountains. The name "Adirondacks" suggests only poetical associations to us. It is said to mean "bark-eaters," a nickname given in derision and contempt to the comparatively peaceful tribes of this region, by their more powerful and warlike neighbors. These extinct nations are immortalized by their mountains. Out of these rugged highlands come the springs, the lakes, the rivulets, the brooks, the creeks, that combine to form the glorious Hudson, swelling as it goes, receiving a few generous affluents, rushing through confining gorges, breaking through mountains, tumbling over precipices in falls and cascades, rolling on through every variety of scenery through half its journey to the sea, when it becomes staid and placid, the bearer of the productions of many great States to one of the world's emporiums, and, in the harbor where it unites with the ocean, floating on its broad bosom the commerce of a world.



LOG-HOUSE IN THE FOREST.

GENEVA.



THE GRAND QUAY, GENEVA.

NATURE and history unite to make Geneva a place of transcendent interest. Its name has become the watchword of orthodoxy, the battle-cry of freedom, and the inspiration of poetry. It is also the caravansary of Europe, where men of its multitudinous nationalities meet as equals and come and go in peace. Here are to be seen seekers of health, lovers of nature, way-worn travelers, people of leisure, students, artists, and scholars. Next to Paris it is the chief thoroughfare of the travel of Europe, and scarcely any other European city has so large a proportion of its population made up of foreign residents. Its geographical position is remarkable. Though one thousand two hundred feet above sea level it lies in a deep valley, between the lower Alps and the Jura Mountains, and the lower extremity of the beautiful lake, that retains the name that it has also given to the city. The town is divided into two parts, by the beautiful and rapid Rhone, as it issues from the lake. The surroundings, with the Jura-

tic range on the one side, and the loftier Alps, including Mt. Blanc, on the other, the lake at its feet, and extending away upwards between its guardian mountains, and the beautiful valley of the Rhone opening outwards, present altogether a scene at once imposing and beautiful.

As it has been the home of a large number of persons especially celebrated in the world of letters, so it has been the theme of their warmest praises. Voltaire and Goethe speak of it with enthusiasm, the latter declaring, *Mon Lac est le premier*; and Rousseau makes it the scene of his "Nouvelle Héloïse." The exquisite stanzas of Byron, who resided for some time at Geneva, will be readily recollected; and Alexander Dumas makes the lake and its surroundings the rival of the Bay of Naples. Poetry and painting have united in the endeavor to depict its beauties, in which are seen at once the sunny softness of the Lago Maggiore and the impressive grandeur of Lake Lucerne. The vine-covered slopes of Vaud

are contrasted with the abrupt, rocky precipice of Savoy, while the summit of Mt. Blanc, though sixty miles distant, is reflected in the waters of the lake.

The town is divided into an upper and a lower, with each its own proper class of inhabitants. There is also an Old and New Geneva, which present very wide contrasts in close proximity. In the former are narrow, winding streets, with lofty houses, redolent of the odors and dampness of antiquity, and steep ascents and crooked ways, and to every spot its history or legend, with here and there the princely mansions of the burgher aristocracy, the senators or magistrates of the Mediæval Republic. In the latter are broad quays along the water, and ele-

princes, altogether making up a medley of extremes, a Babel and an Eden. From this garden an elegant bridge spans the Rhone, and from it may be seen the adjacent Isle of Rousseau, with its monument.

Many of the ancient Genevese families are leaving their ancestral homes in the old city for new and tasteful villas in the charming suburbs, which, however, they surround with high walls, shutting in from public view their elegant profusion of fountains and statues, trees, shrubs, and flowers.

Society is at once exclusive and hospitable; no one can enter it without the proper credentials, but the conditions required are very liberal. Open-air parties in these gardens are frequently given, happily combin-



STATUE OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

gant residences, and well-supplied shops and mammoth hotels, adapted to both European and American tastes. Its promenades and parks are numerous and very fine, the "English Garden" being the most popular, where may, at almost any time, be seen and heard the cosmopolitan gatherings, and the variegated costumes and the babblings of strange tongues, with Swiss peasants and English lords, and German counts and Russian

ing gentility with freedom. The religious and social elements are sometimes pleasantly blended on these festive occasions. A model open-air missionary tea-meeting is still fresh in remembrance. It was in the extensive grounds of an ancient Christian family of Geneva. The park was brilliantly-lighted, and for a while old and young, rich and poor, strangers and citizens mingled freely and fraternally together, enjoying each other's



HOTEL DE LA METROPOLE.

society, and partaking of the elegant and abundant provisions. Then followed general exercises of singing, prayer, and addresses, which were heard and participated in with evidences of the most lively satisfaction. By permission we carried Bishop Harris, then returning from his trip round the world, so giving him, in addition to all else that he had seen and enjoyed, an inside view of Genevese life that is not accorded to every traveler.

The immediate neighborhood of Geneva presents especial attractions. The Swiss cottages, dotting either shore of the lake with contiguous vineyards, are exceedingly picturesque. The chateau of Baron Rothschild looms up above them all, the most elegant private residence in Switzerland, and which, when unoccupied, with the extensive and beautiful grounds, is generously thrown open to the public.

The villages on the Jura are most charming Summer resorts. The *pension* receives its guests at a moderate price, with abundant good fare, of which the unrivaled butter and cheese from the highland form no unimportant part. As the season advances, and the heat increases, the visitor migrates,

like the herds, higher up the mountain side, the air becoming more invigorating and the prospect of lake, valley, and Alpine range increasing in beauty and grandeur at every ascent.

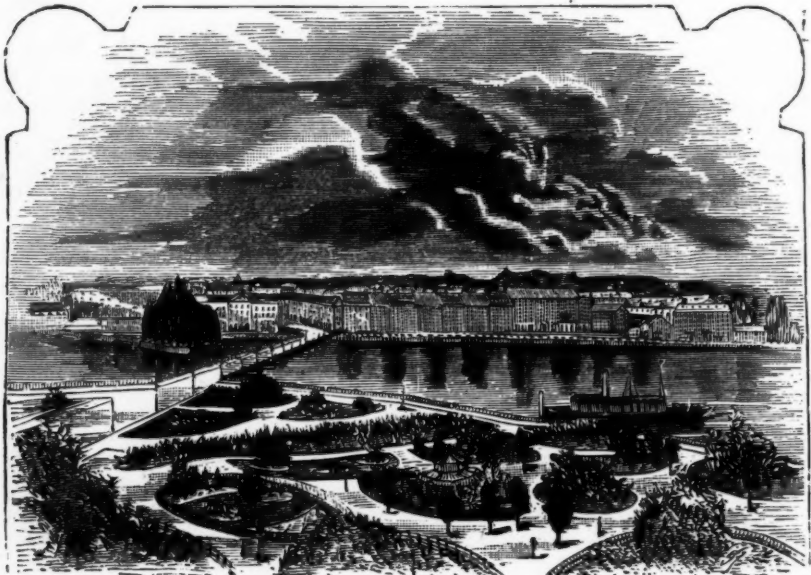
Here and there the fields are dotted with the Swiss *chalets*, the abodes of the herdsmen, who shift their habitation from the lower to the upper pastures, where their labors are arduous and constant, caring for the herds, making cheese, cleansing the utensils employed, and living oftentimes exclusively upon the fruits of the dairy. The *chalet*, picturesque in the distance, loses its romance on near approach. It is usually a log hut, with low, flat roof, weighted with stones, blackened with smoke, and filthy with heaps of mud and dung, rendering entrance difficult.

There are, however, some of these of quite another character. We remember a pilgrimage to one of these. After a wearisome walk, passing by the cattle's apartments to the reception-room of the humans—all under the same roof—the kindly welcome by the herdsman's family, the shelter from the storm, the great, crackling wood-fire, the delicious refreshments, were all highly acceptable. The *chalet* often answers the

purpose of monastery or convent in the Eastern world, where a hospitable welcome is given to the pilgrim in a desert or inhospitable land.

On the opposite side of the lake, south-east from Geneva, is the Salève, Petit and Grand. It is a long line of limestone precipices, nearly perpendicular in front, seeming to hang over the town, though in reality five miles away, reminding one of the Salisbury crags in picturesque Edinburgh. The summit of the Salève is more than three thou-

held two alike. It is the same to-day. This gives the great charm to a Swiss sojourn. The morning light on the Jura, on hamlet and vineyard, the lordly Dôle, its highest summit, the rays of the afternoon sun on the Alpine range with the ever fascinating monarch of the Alps snow-covered, gleaming like burnished silver, the rosy tints on sleeping lake, fantastic Salève and resplendent Teron; and the mysterious Alpine glow after the king of day has disappeared behind the Jura, and distant mountains faded into



QUAI DU MONT BLANC.

sand feet above the lake. It is much frequented by the festive Genevese, and is exceedingly romantic, commanding a view of the valley of the Arno and of the Rhone, of lake and city, Alpine range, and the Jura.

The play of sunlight on the varied scenery of Geneva furnishes unfulfilling interest, ever changing, ever new. We remember, in the student days of long ago, making the tour of Switzerland with knapsack and Alpenstock, a remark of Theodore Fay, the then American representative. On ascending a height to witness a sunset on the Alps, he exclaimed that for several years he had studied daily Alpine sunsets, and never had be-

a gray uncertain twilight, anon bathed in roseate hues, all aglow, near and warm, a most bewitching, magic art of the Switzer's sun, which can not be described, and once seen can never be forgotten.

The most important Christian association in Geneva and in the whole land is the "Evangelical Society of Geneva," formed in 1831. It forms an epoch in the religious history of Switzerland. The National Church is represented in this organization, although it is chiefly controlled by adherents of the Free Church. As a work of faith and fidelity to the cause of truth, it had for its object not only the teaching of the vital doctrines

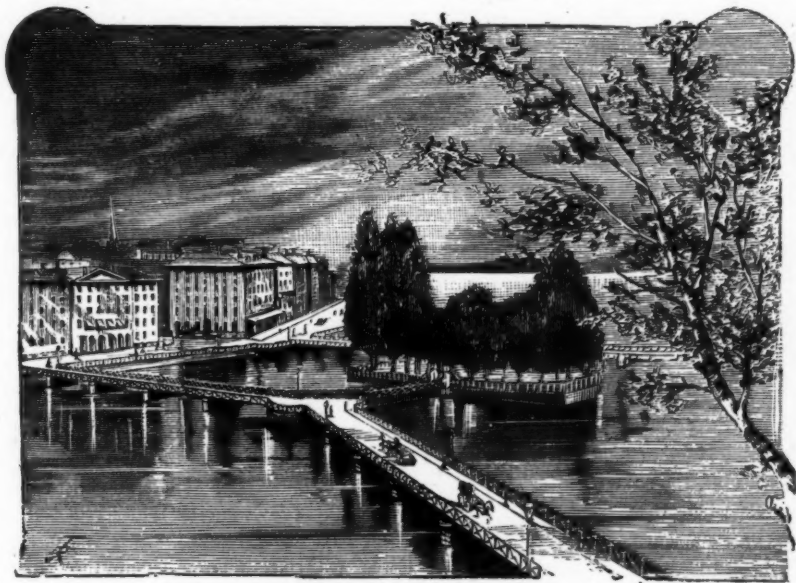
of the Reformation, but also from the very first missionary activity. The "Evangelical Society" was founded on a Catholic basis. Christians from all Churches in whose hearts burned the living faith, here met together for a united evangelical work. There was the expression of a common faith in Christ, a common opposition to dead formalism, a common conviction that no religion is worthy of the name unless it teach "except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God." They could agree on evangelical preaching, the circulation of the Bible and religious tracts, and leave converts to join the Church of their choice. Its operations have spread widely into France as well as Switzerland, reaching those of the Roman as well as those of the Protestant faith.

Feast days have a special interest amid the festive Genevese. Christmas has a marked religious observance. State Church and Free, Old Catholics and Roman Catholics alike commemorate the day. There are the midnight mass and the midday sermon. The children are not forgotten. Festivals are held in their interests, addresses, singing, the Christmas tree and presents are the

order of the day. But a still greater interest gathers about New-Year's day. It is what Christmas is to Germany. For several days the streets and squares are filled with booths and shops, with all manner of shows and alluring amusements. The peasants come in from the surrounding districts, and there are myriads of fancy and useful articles to gladden the heart of childhood and bewilder the head of the gift buyer. Merry-making and money-making go together.

New-Year's day is the traditional time for making presents. For two days and nights the people run mad with fun and riot. All work stops, all shops are closed, every householder, with his wife and children, is in the streets, the air resounds with noises musical or otherwise. It is the Genevese Carnival. The old-time American custom of making calls upon New-Year's day does not obtain. In its stead is the sending of one's card to esteemed friends, an easy, inexpensive, and sober way of continuing friendships.

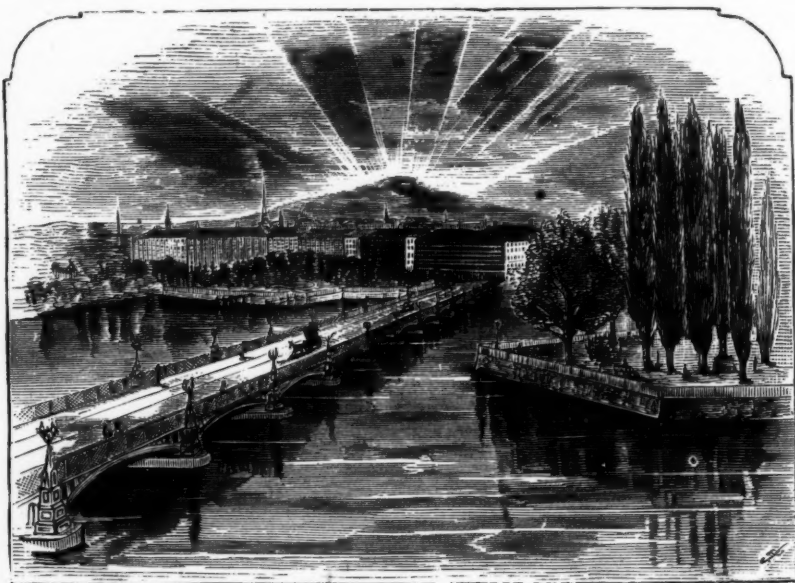
But the greatest of all the year is the feast of the Escaladeon, the 11th of December. The streets are thronged with people, some in masks and all kinds of absurd and comical disguises, and the night is made vocal



BRIDGE AND HOTEL DES BŒUFS.

with song and shout, the beating of drums, the blare of horns, and with the harlequins' instrument of a bladder at the end of a stick. Natives and foreigners mingle in the Saturnalia. Here is the son of a sober American clergyman, whose name shall be unmentioned, in the full costume of an American Indian. The strange and terrible figure and piercing war-whoop, accompanied by a brandished tomahawk, send terror and flight to the gay promenaders. Whatever lady appears on the street forfeits a kiss. Notwithstanding the fearful penalty many maidens

war against the House of Savoy. The country had been ravaged, and again and again the wave of desolation swept to the very base of the city's ramparts. But the brave Genevese resisted every attack. A new design was now undertaken against the heretic city that had expelled the Roman bishops. Picked troops had crept through the passes of the Alps, and upon this eventful night, December 11th, debouched into the plain of Geneva, just where the furious and turbid Arne sweeps around the point of the Lesser Salève. They halt at midnight at Plain-

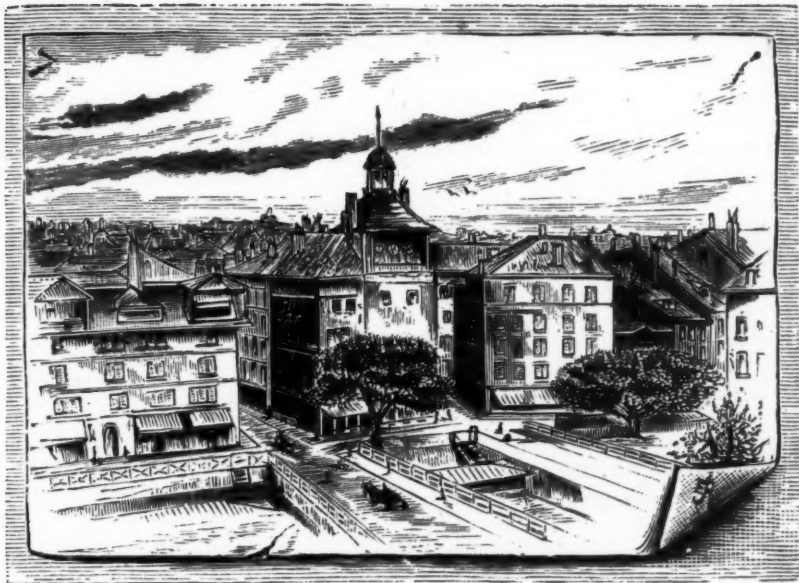


PONT NEUF.

heroically walk the thoroughfares. Upon this day every Genevese family has dined upon its turkey, the national festive bird, and the religiously inclined (a very small minority) enter the grand old cathedral of St. Pierre and join in the annual psalm. "If it had not been the Lord that was on our side, now may Israel say, if it had not been the Lord that was on our side, when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us."

It was in the year 1602. Geneva was enjoying a brief repose after many years of

palais, within hearing of the Teron. The attack is stealthily made. The forlorn hope in coat of mail scale the ramparts. When the escalade is complete, message is sent to the duke—"Geneva is ours." But the alarm is given. The great bell of the cathedral rolls out its awful tocsin. The resistance is sharp and the fighting furious. The great caldron of boiling soup flung out of the window killed one of the invaders and discomfited others, and it is one of the sacred relics of the day. The repulse was successful. It was Saturday night. Upon the Sunday morning, Theodore de Beza, the friend and



TOUR DE L'ÎLE.

biographer of Calvin, the last survivor of the glorious company of the reformers, old and deaf, came forth, as is alleged, on his way to church, ignorant of the entire transaction. Gazing upon the pools of blood and the dead bodies, he learned the story. Entering the cathedral with the great multitude, the venerable man offered up thanksgiving, and announced, in Beza's version, the one hundred and twenty-fourth Psalm.

Des conjurés les rapides torrents eussent sur nous cent et cent fois passé.

Hence the festival of the Escalade. It is the Genevese Fourth of July.

On the western side of the lake, four and a half miles to the north, is the village of Ferney, founded by Voltaire, and for many years his residence. It is within the borders of France, and is the home of Mons. Mermillod, the Roman bishop, whom the brave and patriotic Swiss in these days banished from their territory. Passing through the long and principal street of the town we reach the chateau once occupied by the great skeptic. In the open space in front is the little church, with the ostentatious and patronizing inscription: "*Deo erexit Voltaire, 1761.*" The building shows the traces of

years and disuse. The chateau is beautifully situated, and from the finely kept ground and terrace are commanding views of lake and mountain. The parlor and chamber remain unchanged, and the walls are adorned with choice works of art and engravings of the many eminent men of his time, including our own Washington and Franklin. Over a richly gilded stove is the bust of Voltaire, and directly opposite his mausoleum, upon which is written, "*My spirit is content, because my heart is in the midst of you;*" within are the words, "*His spirit is every-where and his heart is here,*"—inscriptions probably of a later date. But, alas, it is true. His spirit is still abroad in Switzerland as in Germany and France. In this land one can scarcely say whose influence is the greater, that of the reformer or that of the destroyer. And in Geneva, while there are those called Calvinists, holding more or less strictly to the tenets of their renowned founder, so there is likewise a society of "Freethinkers," who follow faithfully the teachings of their revered master.

Proceeding a few miles farther upon the same shore we reach the little village of Coppet. Its castle belonged formerly to Necker,

who, a native of Geneva, became the minister of finance under Louis XVI of France. He passed the closing years of his life and died at Coppet. A still greater renown rests upon this town as being the residence of his more illustrious daughter, Madame de Stael. The first female writer of her age, she gathered about her in this historic castle a brilliant circle of wits and *savants*, and has made Coppet a Mecca to the admirers of genius. Her portrait and the bust of the minister still adorn the rooms. They, with other members of the family, are buried in a chapel hidden among the trees, in close proximity to the castle. The entire property is now the possession of a descendant having the same name with the renowned authoress. The study where "Corinne" and other works were written is open to the visitor. The inkstand and desk of the writer are still preserved. The garden is shaded by ancient trees, and diversified by flowers and well-kept walks.

In close proximity sleeps peacefully the town of Nyon. Its ancient castle, in the Romanesque style, with its five towers, dating from the twelfth century, forms a pictur-

esque object in the distance, while above and beyond are the grand and lofty Jura. A carriage road ascends in zigzags to the summits, from which some of the most extensive and diversified views of this wondrous land are obtained.

From this romantic village, in sharp contrast from Ferney, went forth the saintly Fletcher, pursuing a thorough course of study at Geneva, whose name, in connection with that of Wesley in the great religious movement of the eighteenth century, is precious to Christians of every sect. Voltaire—Fletcher. How widely different do these two names strike the ear! How widely different the heritage left to the world! Kindred to the former Gibbon may be added to the roll of the unbelieving, who by their genius have invested these localities with classic interest. A short distance beyond in the same direction are the village and garden where he prepared his immortal history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." This house of Gibbon was in the lower part of Lausanne; both it and the garden have been changed. The wall of the Hotel Gibbon



NATIONAL MONUMENT.



THE RUSSIAN CHAPEL.

occupies the site of his Summer-house, and the berceau walk has given place to the garden of the hotel, but the terrace overlooking the lake, a lime, and a few acacia trees remain. "It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a Summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent." A feeling of loneliness came over the writer, even amid these scenes, that the great work which had been his companion for so many years was now finished.

From Lausanne the road winds among the smiling vineyards over hill and dale, passing the lovely villages of Vevay and Montreux. Numerous *pensions*, long established, are here frequented by foreigners. It is the most sheltered and sunniest spot upon the lake, and multitudes of invalids flock hither for their Winter-quarters. It

has a climate like Southern Italy or France. The grape-cure is a very pleasing and popular mode of treatment. It is simply and blessedly to go into the vineyards that abound on every side, and eat the sweet, delicious grapes the live-long day *ad libitum*. Thanks to doctors, a distant now and then, for prescriptions that are palatable. We saw a large Russian family journeying towards Montreux, insisting that their household canine needed the grape-cure.

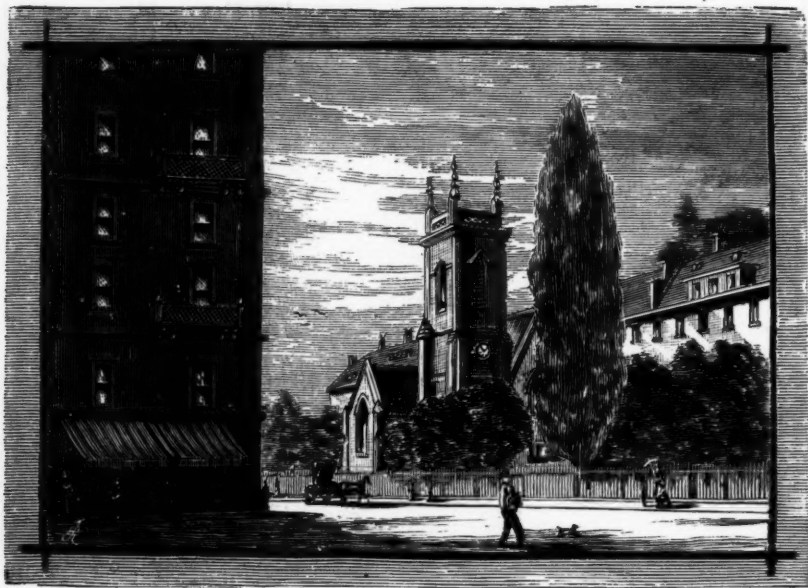
Here is also poetic Clarens, commanding one of the finest views of the lake. Is is romantically described by Rousseau in the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*." And Byron apostrophizes it:

"Clarens! Sweet Clarens! Birthplace of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love.

It hath a sound and sense and sight of sweetness.
Here the Rhone hath spread himself a couch,
The Alps have reared a throne."

Appealing to different sentiments, upon an isolated rock, surrounded by the deep, transparent waters, is the castle and prison of Chillon:

"Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place,
And thy wall floor an altar: for 't was trod



THE ENGLISH CHAPEL.

Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonulvard. May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Upon the opposite shore, and but a short distance from Geneva, was the residence of Lord Byron in 1816. It is the Diodati Chateau, surrounded by beautiful grounds adorned with rows of horse-chestnuts. In yonder upper room was written "Manfred" and a portion of "Childe Harold." Tradition affirms that this house was once occupied also by the sacred bard of "Paradise Lost." Passing many beautiful country seats—large mansions, with pretentious gateways bearing the owners' coats-of-arms, surrounded by extensive and shaded grounds, grand old trees and winding walks and blooming flowers, seclusion amid beauty and grandeur—we reach the little village of Coligny. It is situated upon a hill, high above the lake, and consists of one long street. Near the extreme end a gateway of iron opens into the cemetery of Coligny. Here lies one whose name is indissolubly connected with modern Geneva, and with the religious history of the past. A stone of white marble with molding and a vine encircling the top,

marks the place. Upon the bronze medalion is this inscription: "Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigné, né le 16 Aout, 1794; rappelé à Dieu le 21 Octobre, 1872. Quand je vous aurai préparé le lieu, je reviendrai, et vous prendrai avec moi, afin qu'on je serai vous y soyez aussi." (Jean xiv, 3.)

The tour of Lake Lemman is one of the most enchanting the world affords. Weeks and months may be pleasantly and profitably occupied in exploring its localities of interest, feasting the eye upon the present, and regaling the memory with the past. Romance and song, letters and heroic deeds, charms of nature, and the spell of history cluster about the name. It is a small but brave city, surrounded on every side by mighty States; and right nobly has her position been maintained, as many a well-fought battle attests. It has been a struggle for centuries, a successful contending against adjacent monarchies, a repelling of marauding neighbors and ambitious chiefs, a striving with never flagging patriotism against oppression, steadfast and persistent. She has fairly earned the position she occupies.

MILTON'S SATAN.

"PARADISE Lost" is, without exception, the grandest production of human genius. Respecting it Dr. Johnson remarks, with characteristic force and discrimination:

"The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace."

Of this magnificent epic Satan is, without question, the central figure. The poet has, it is true, contrived to invest our first parents with peculiar interest; but our attention is irresistibly attracted toward the solitary figure of the great apostate, pre-eminent alike in power and fierce hostility to God. Hell itself, with all its ghastly horrors, is but the background to this one gigantic and awful being.

Fierce though the flames of Pandemonium certainly are, they are as nothing to the fiercer flames—disappointed ambition, baffled spite, burning hatred, humbled pride, devouring fury—that torment the fallen archangel.

In considering a few of the chief characteristics of this wonderful creation, the description of Satan's person at once strikes us as remarkable. Dante would give the measurement of the arch-fiend to a foot. Milton's delineation is indefinite, gigantic, shadowy. Bunyan's description of the fight between Christian and Apollyon is beautifully told; but though Bunyan possessed the creative faculty in a very eminent degree his fiend is inferior to Milton's:

"So he went on," says Bunyan, "and

Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride): he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion."

Compare with this Milton's description of Satan at the end of the Fourth Book in "Paradise Lost:"

"On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved;
His statue reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seemed both spear and shield."

Again, take the first sketch of the fiend given in the commencement of the First Book:

"Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood."

Shelley's creations are wonderful things when his philosophy is taken into account. Abstractions become persons under the magic spell of his vivid imagination; forms, shapes, ghosts, phantasms assume reality, and come forth, not so much creations of the fancy as living things, like shadows assuming flesh and blood, and rising into life at the touch of an enchanter's wand. Take his description of Jupiter's phantasm in "Prometheus Unbound:"

"The shape is awful, like the sound,
Clothed in dark purple, star-inwoven.
A scepter of pale gold,
To stay steps proud o'er the slow cloud
His veined hand doth hold:
Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,
Like one who does, not suffers, wrong."

Take again, his description of Demogorgon as seen by Panthea:

"I see a mighty Darkness
Filling the seat of Power; and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the Meridian sun,
Ungazed upon and shapeless. Neither limb,
Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is
A living Spirit."

The author of evil in "Paradise Lost" is cast in a different mold. Milton's fiend is neither material nor immaterial. He has a

human form, but it is shrouded in gloom, and we only catch the dim, shadowy outline of a figure in perfect accordance with supernatural attributes. The very form of Satan, though deprived of the surpassing glory which once made his countenance like the "morning star that guides the starry flock," is still pre-eminent among his followers:

"In order came the grand Infernal peers;
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed
Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And godlike imitated state."

Johnson, who did not, and probably could not, appreciate Milton thoroughly, has some criticism on the poet's failure to represent what he confesses can not be represented—spiritual agency. The critic might just as naturally find fault with the Scriptural representation of angelic agency. Milton's infernal and celestial powers "are sometimes pure spirit and sometimes animated body." Quite true; but the inconsistency does not seem to us any greater than that which occurs in the sacred narrative, where Abraham entertained three angels in the plains of Mamre, and watched them under the shadow of the tree, while they rested from their journey and partook of his hospitality. No genius could reconcile human modes of existence and spiritual agencies without some incongruity; but we think Milton has escaped with less inconsistencies than any other uninspired writer.

The most remarkable feature of Milton's Satan is his *unconquerable will*. Conscious that his heavenly essence can not perish save by annihilation, Satan bears up against unutterable anguish with a determination which nothing can bend or break.

Milton has stamped upon the apostate his own *individuality*. There is not in the whole range of literature any spectacle so wonderful as that of the great Puritan poet, blind and friendless, dependent upon others even for the transcribing of his poem, yet overriding every obstacle and subduing every difficulty by the force of an indomitable will; the poet possessed in an eminent degree the untiring energy, the iron determina-

tion with which he invests the ruined archangel.

Lear is a wonderful creation, but Lear is thoroughly *human*. He is, moreover, a man

"More sinn'd against than sinning."

His passion tears him to pieces. The tempest in his mind makes him regardless of the howling storm and drenching rain, and sheets of fire and bursts of horrid thunder, but his anguish shatters both body and mind. His is anguish keen, terrible, intense, but it is the anguish of helplessness. Far other is Milton's Satan. The same iron determination which supported him reigning among his peers in heaven, or warring with an archangel's might against the throne and monarchy of God, supports him amid the whirlwinds of tempestuous fire, the palpable darkness and unutterable agony of hell. His glory faded, his brow scathed and furrowed by the thunders of Jehovah, racked with deep despair, the apostate glories in his downfall, and scorns submission:

"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me."

There is a sublimity and grandeur worthy of the infernal monarch in Satan's address to his new kingdom:

"Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! And thou profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater."

Self-contained, self-dependent, unmoved by the agonies of the present, deriving no support from hope in the future, racked from without by the tortures of the Omnipotent, and bearing about an inward hell more awful still, Satan scorns submission, dismisses hope, fear, and remorse, chooses *evil* to be his *good*, and prepares to wage eternal war against Heaven. "Hell," says Channing, "yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser

passions and more vehement will of Satan, and the ruined archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him."

Milton has brought out in strong relief the *personality* of Satan. Is the Devil a personification of evil, or has he a real objective existence? This question has been answered in both ways. There can be no doubt that some of what has been regarded as the *demonology* of Scripture may belong, strictly speaking, to poetic or parabolic description. Coleridge, and many others, have thought that the Satan of Job is merely the dramatic accuser, or adversary, imagined by the poet. Be this as it may, there can not be the slightest doubt that Holy Writ represents the author of evil as a *person*. The Zoroastrian disciples gave prominence to a Spirit of Evil, Ahriman, of such power, that if it were not for the fact that he acts before thinking, while Ormuzd thinks before he acts, the victory of good would be doubtful. This system had an attraction even for John Stuart Mill, and he would have regarded Christianity with more favor had it been more Manichaean in tendency. However objectionable the theory may be, there is something attractive in the idea of two independent and eternal principles warring against each other hand to hand, age after age, for the sovereignty of the universe. It invested evil with a terrible reality. Evil is something more than the absence of good, something more than a negation, and the Evil One something more than a metaphysical abstraction. There is nothing *unreal* about Milton's Satan. He is a living, thinking being, who plots and contrives, and hates and suffers—a being of mighty intellectual power, but of *circumscribed* knowledge, of transcendent supernatural vigor, but subject in all things, and at all times, to the superior authority of God.

There may be, and no doubt is, a want of metaphysical accuracy in the poet's description of Satan's character, as there certainly is a studied indefiniteness in his delineation of the fiend's appearance; but the former was inseparable from such an undertaking, while the latter, so far from being a blemish,

constitutes, as we have already seen, a special feature of the poet's description, but neither affects in the slightest degree the *personality* of the author of evil. Milton was a believer in the eternity of punishment, and he also believed in different degrees of punishment in proportion to the guilt of the individual. Satan glories that none can envy his power, since the sovereignty of hell exposes "to greatest share of endless pain;" and he that aims at being supreme in power must also be supreme in misery. This misery is the result not of sufferings merely inflicted from without, though Pandemonium is

"A universe of death; which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good."

There is an inner hell more awful still, which can not be escaped, and which burns and sears and torments with unutterable woe. Satan's troubled thoughts stir up hell within him:

"For within him hell
He brings, and round about him; nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place."

Torn and racked by his misery the fiend exclaims:

"Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell"

Milton describes the fiend as being influenced by ambition, pride, envy, hatred of God, malice. His ambition is literally insatiable:

"To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

He can not endure the thought of being inferior to the Almighty, and the claim of homage for the Son drives him into open revolt. He will hold divided empire with God, though his *good* be *evil*, and his scepter and diadem be the pledge of excruciating and unintermittent agony.

An outcast from heaven, supreme among his associates only in misery, conscious that his vaulting ambition has overleaped itself and exposed him forever, "the foremost object for the Thunderer's aim," he yet plots and plans and aspires with an energy that never sleeps, and a relentless perseverance that is never for a solitary moment diverted from its purpose.

One of the strangest features in Milton's delineation of Satan is the occasional glimpse we catch of better feelings shining through the awful blackness which surrounds the ruined archangel. This serves a useful purpose; it blends "with our admiration, dread, and abhorrence a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which all other feelings tend to sin and shame." (Channing). It is a working out of the opinion expressed in the words:—

"For neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue: lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnished o'er with zeal."

The consummate skill with which Milton has inwoven those glimpses of a better nature with the prevailing deformity of Satan can not be too highly commended. Surrounded by the ranks of fallen spirits, hurled down from heaven, and amerced of glory "for his revolt," the apostate, scathed and blasted by the thunders of Jehovah, yet binding upon his brow the diadem that scorches with living fire, mourns over the lot of those whom he had dragged down with him to ruin:—

"Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way."

In prospect of Paradise, and now about to engage in his devilish plot for the ruin of mankind, his mind is overwhelmed with doubts and fears:—

"Conscience wakes despair
That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse: of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue."

It is with apparent pity—a pity, however, swept away by the overmastering passion of revenge—that the fiend sets about the execution of his infernal task.

Among the numerous scenes of surpassing beauty with which "Paradise Lost" abounds, there is none more beautiful, none more illustrative of the magic power of virtue and purity, than that which describes Satan abstracted from evil while he gazes on the heavenly innocence of Eve:—

"That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remained
Stupidly good: of enmity disarmed,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge."

But the hesitation is momentary, and the fierce passion that drives him to destroy the happiness from which he is eternally debarred soon again regains the ascendancy. Like Jupiter in the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley, he hastens to heap ill deeds upon his soul, and is "damned beholding good."

The question arises—Is Milton's Satan the Satan of Holy Writ? Has the great poet succeeded in delineating the Author of Evil as he is represented in the Inspired Records? And connected with this question is another. Is the interest which Milton constrains us to feel in a being so eminently wicked as Satan calculated to advance the interests of religion and virtue? The fiend of "Paradise Lost" is not the hobgoblin that terrified us in childhood; he has not horns, or tail, or cloven foot; he is not the demon of vulgar superstition; he is a being to excite terror and fear, but with our dread there is mixed a certain amount of admiration and awe; he is wicked, but it is on a grand scale, and he excites our wonder without provoking our contempt.

Pandemonium is a wonderful creation, with its burning lake, its land burning with solid fire, its gates of adamant, its cataracts of fire, its palpable darkness, its sounds and sights of unutterable woe; but Pandemonium is only the background to the more awful and more prominent picture of the ruined fiend. Milton's supernatural beings are as much superior to the supernatural creations of any other poet as Milton's Devil is to the Satan of Robert Montgomery; but the Satan of "Paradise Lost" is not the Satan of Holy Writ. When we say this we do not mean that the poet has given us for Satan merely a transcendently wicked man;—or that his use of *anthropomorphisms* renders his delineation of spiritual agencies unreal. There may be, and in all probability there is, a closer resemblance between the forms of men and angels than is commonly supposed.

There is common sense as well as true philosophy in the saying of Jacobi, "God in creating *theomorphises* man, therefore, necessarily *anthropomorphises* God." If the

Eternal Father be faithfully represented in Holy Writ by *anthropomorphisms* much more may angelic beings. It is in the impression left on the mind by Milton's Satan, in the prevailing characteristics of the fiend, that we trace a difference. The chief feature of the archangel in "Paradise Lost" is *sublimity*, that of the Devil of Scripture is *meanness*. Milton's Satan is grandly wicked, the Devil of the Bible is a murderer, a liar, a coward—in a word, a sneak. We can scarcely help admiring the one, we shrink with unutterable loathing from the other: the one is the representative of *intellectual power*, the other is the very essence of *moral deformity*; the one at least claims the respect due to the most heroic endurance, the other is at all times held up as an object of aversion and contempt. Milton's demon is a god degraded, but godlike even in ruin; the Devil of Scripture is mean, sly, false, treacherous, cowardly, and cruel.

Addison thinks that Milton has attributed to Satan such sentiments as suit "the most exalted and most depraved being." This is scarcely correct, and we are inclined to believe that the delineation of such a character would not tend to edification. The poet very wisely forebore to shock his reader by entering into any detailed account of the demon's moral depravity. The prevailing characteristic, as we have already remarked, of the fiend in "Paradise Lost," is transcendent intellectual power; but occasionally the poet lifts the veil, and we catch a glimpse of the demon in his true colors. Thus he presents a mean and sorry appearance, when discovered by Ithuriel and Zephon "squat like a toad" at the ear of slumbering Eve. He seems almost ashamed of his own meanness too, when, in order to seduce man from his allegiance, he stoops to assume the shape of the serpent, mixing his once heavenly essence with "bestial slime."

But the scene which above all others brings before us the apostate in his true light is that which describes his return to Pandemonium after the accomplishment of his infernal mission to Eden. He returns full of pride at the success of his plot, and relates to his companions the events which

had taken place; but, instead of the burst of applause which he expects, his narrative is greeted with hisses and hideous noises, and all are changed into horrible and loathsome serpents.

We shall now consider very briefly, Does the interest which the poet constrains us to feel in a being so thoroughly wicked as the Author of Evil conduce on the whole to promote the interests of virtue? One of the most remarkable characteristics of Milton was his love of virtue and truth. The nickname given him at Cambridge of "the lady" arose probably as much from his blameless life, and from the moral purity of his character, as from his great personal beauty. An intense love of moral beauty marked him through life, and is conspicuous in all his writings. It breathes through every line of his "Comus," and assumes, as it were, shape and form in his conception and delineation of our first parents. But it requires little perception to see that the painting such a being as Satan required not only sublime genius, but exquisite skill to depict the foe of God and man, the rebel scorning submission, the author of sin and death, and misery and shame; and to depict him in such a manner that the reader should be interested in the description, yet untainted by contact with such deformity, this was a task worthy of the bard of immortal subjects and of immortal fame; and this task Milton accomplished with no ordinary skill. Whether his delineation of Satan is a truthful representation of the Author of Evil as he is, is a question we are not qualified to decide; it seems probable, however, that no mere man could possibly form a true conception of a being utterly and irredeemably evil, and if it were possible to conceive and delineate such a being, we question if the representation would serve a useful purpose. Pope's lines are familiar to every one:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It is a curious and an instructive fact that, despite the moral purity and elevation of Adam in "Paradise Lost," he is by no

means equal in interest or attractiveness to the ruined archangel. Now, it is quite true, that in the poet's delineation of Satan our interest fastens not on what is evil, but on what is in itself good—on transcendent intellectual power, and on energy of mind, enduring, and, by enduring, overcoming excruciating pain. Still we doubt whether it is wise to invest with attractiveness a being pre-eminent in evil, or to delineate such storms of passion in the soul as are depicted in Milton's great epic. Beyond this, however, we can not go. The poet's "creation" should be judged as a whole, and due allowance made for the hypocrisy which sometimes leads Satan to conceal his infernal malice under the guise of virtue, in order the more easily to carry out his designs. The true test of an author is, How are we affected by his writings? Do they make us morally better or worse? Do they make us more inclined to sympathize with the weak, the suffering, the oppressed? Do they make us feel more in harmony with what is pure and true and beautiful and noble?

A great writer does not seem so much to communicate ideas to us as to create ideas in us, and the quality of the ideas is a much better test of an author's usefulness than the quantity. To quicken and enlarge the mental faculties, to infuse healthy moral energy, to expand and energize the mind, this is more important than merely to convey knowledge. It is scarcely necessary to say that no writer excels Milton in this energizing and ennobling power. "In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought and

purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits, and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety." (Johnson.)

No writer in ancient or modern times excels, indeed, we might say, equals, Milton in *power*, and in "Paradise Lost" this power is used for the best and noblest purposes. We can not better conclude these few imperfect remarks than in the language of one not not much given to hero-worship. Macaulay concludes his review of Milton thus: "The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyrs of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame."

THE MIDNIGHT HEAVENS.

HOW calm the evening grows? What a glorious tint gilds the summit of the western hills! Every peak and crag and moor-land seems to glow with molten fire, which mixes with the still more glorious hue of the clouds which cradle themselves around the setting sun—now like the battlements of some ancient ruin standing in bold relief from the azure of the evening

sky—now like the rugged ridges of some mountain range, whose top is shrouded in perpetual snow, and now gleaming amidst the dying rays of twilight, like islands sleeping in the peaceful calm of a sunlit ocean.

Soon this beauty passes. One by one the glorious tints of this fairy scene disappear, each moment taking something from its

brilliancy, till the distinctness of the landscape fades from view.

But lo! a more glorious vision still, behind us, around us, above us, stealing out from the darkness, clustering in groups, or blazing in solitary brightness. Just when earth seems darkest, heaven has a sunny ray in store; and when the withdrawal of that great light which illuminates the world closes the beauty of earth from our gaze, it only unfolds to our wondering eyes the beauties and mysteries of that universe, whose beginning and end are lost in the infinitude of God. What a mighty host! Who can count them? Who can tell their names, their order, their marshaling? Who can trace their fiery paths as they "nightly repeat their sentinel march from horizon to horizon?" We lift up our eyes and gaze into those peaceful and distant regions, where to us it seems the breath of stormy winds never blows, and the changes and vicissitudes of time are all unknown.

From all their shining ranks we hear no footfall, not a solitary murmur breaks the eternal solitudes of those wide fields of ether; until at length, within our inner breast, there seems to come the still small voice of a divine whisper, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

What countless eyes have looked upon the stars, from those early days when the gazers on the Chaldean plains pictured the heavens covered with fantastic forms, down to the modern astronomers, who read their secrets through the space-piercing tube, and analyze the light which emanates from their surface! They have seemed to all the very types of the unchanging. By day the unwearied sun, and by night the tranquil stars, have age after age arisen, culminated and set. To the unaided eyes of man they have exhibited no signs of alteration, and in truth through these long periods they have changed but little. Generations of men have come and gone, like the harvests of successive years; empires have arisen and passed away, and yet from the serene heav-

ens the well-known forms of the constellations have looked forth, and time has written no change upon their burning brows. Still, as of old, Arcturus leads forth his sons, and Orion stands begirt with mystic bands. Still the Pleiades shed their sweet influences over earth and sea, and we behold those sons of the morning, "whose going forth is unto the ends of the earth," and by whose voices "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth knowledge."

No wonder that in every age the wisest and most thoughtful of men have lifted up their eyes, and, "beholding all these things," have longed to know more of their nature and the laws which govern them. They have deemed it not time misspent to stand under the glorious canopy of heaven and trace the courses of the stars; to watch those shining chambers, through which, in his season, the sun enters in his strength, and note those wondering fires which, with steady blaze, accompany him in his annual circuit; or that solitary watcher which, as it were, sits enshrined amidst eternal snows, and "bids the north forever know its place."

Hence the office of the astronomer has always been regarded as one of the loftiest of human callings, and the objects which he contemplates the most glorious and sublime of all created things, and men have regarded with peculiar reverence, and rewarded with universal honor, those illustrious names which in various ages have unlocked the mysteries of the spheres, and explained the laws and motions of the heavens.

Other sciences seem to be more of the earth, earthly; they seem to partake of the limited nature of the theater upon which their phenomena are exhibited. Though they may reveal countless wonders and adaptations, beautiful relations and exact laws, still there comes at last, a "thus far, and no farther," beyond which we feel it is impossible to pass, because we can see the limits within which all the possible knowledge of the subject must be included. It is otherwise with the study of astronomy. The infinite presents itself at every step, and the little globe upon which we dwell shrinks to the

compass of an imperceptible point, while we behold around us a countless host of suns and systems, stretching in unending and orderly succession, and beyond, beyond our farthest ken, a vast unknown region, where we feel that, could we traverse it, each step would only exhibit new works and wonders.

It is this feeling which constitutes one of the principal charms of astronomy; to go forth into the boundless realms of space, and leave this earth and all its petty interests far behind—to find ourselves surrounded by millions of thronging worlds, the diversities of whose structure and physical arrangement may display as great a difference in their economy and the condition of matter upon their surface—to feel that when our vastest power of instrumental and other research is exerted, and our farthest flight accomplished we shall only stand upon the threshold of a higher revelation still—only discern “parts of the ways of Him,” whom distance can not escape, or numbers exhaust.

Nor is this feeling lessened by the thought that, amidst this countless diversity which we behold, an all-pervading unity is present also; that when we find the old heavens and earth to have passed away, and are brought face to face with a new condition of things, the same laws with which we are familiar on earth are operating even here—still gravity asserts its all-prevailing sway, and, as amidst our solar system,

“Bends the reluctant planets to revolve
The fated rounds of time.”

Still we find the laws of light and heat, and probably of chemical change and combination, to remain the same, since the observation of those systems of stars which lie on the very verge of the visible universe shows them to be obedient to the well-known laws of Newton; and the spectroscopic analysis of the light which has traversed these measureless spaces indicates its oneness with that which illuminates our globe, and the presence of at least some of the constituent elements in the star atmospheres, similar to those which compose our own air and the earth upon which we tread.

How wonderful is the diversity which we

behold! Even in our own solar system there are no two planets alike. They differ in size and density, in distance from the central sun, and in the amount of light and heat which they receive from him; in the periods of revolution round their own axes and round the sun; in the velocity of their orbital motion, and in the condition of their surfaces and surrounding atmospheres. While it is impossible to conceive of a greater difference presented by the solitary moon which accompanies our earth, and the more numerous attendants of Jupiter and Saturn, or the crowds of meteorites, which, in obedience to the same laws, cluster in the rings of the latter planet, what shall we say of the sun himself, that ponderous mass, within the diameter of whose orb the center of gravity of the whole system falls; from whose incandescent photosphere the floods of heat and light and “actinism” are rolled, which give light and life to the farthest member of his system; whose seething surface through countless years has suffered no appreciable diminution in temperature; whose atmosphere is torn by the agitation of tempestuous solar winds, compared with which the fiercest terrestrial tornado is but as the breath of a Summer zephyr, and from whose floating clouds descend the scorching rain of boiling metal? Or what of those mysterious bodies which every now and again startle the world by their sudden appearance in some unexpected quarter of the heavens, with glowing head and streaming hair, stretching millions of miles into the unexplored regions of space from whence they come, and into which with hurried pace they swiftly return; or of those star showers which, with periodic regularity, pour their fiery rain through the dark air of the autumnal nights?

What a variety of landscape must these various worlds present! Earth, with its verdure-clad fields and smiling vales—its mountain peaks, and rolling ocean, and the ever-varying features of its changing sky, how different from that presented to the spectator if transported only to the surface of our nearest neighbor, the moon. What a barren waste is here! The wide extended

plains with no blade of grass, or leaf, or flower, or tree; where no silver streams meander, and where the fierce rays of the meridian sun are tempered by no genial atmosphere, and no cooling breezes ever blow; where rugged mountain peaks rise toward the brazen sky, with no enfolding veil of clouds, and where the arid rocks are never wet with the dews of evening or the refreshing rain of spring: whose precipices descend sheer down into the inky darkness of their own shadow, and from whose summit the falling rocks rush into the yawning chasm without a sound; where all is the stillness of death, the awful silence unbroken by the hum of insect, the song of bird, or the voice of man, and where the night and day, of twice a week's duration, begin with a suddenness almost inconceivable, and alternate in temperature between a heat sufficient to raise the ocean, if there were one, into one vast cloud of steam, or freeze it into a solid block of ice.

The various planets present equal diversities, although we can not speak of them with the same confidence as we can of the moon, upon whose surface we can gaze with our most powerful telescopes with the same clearness that we should have in looking upon a terrestrial landscape from a distance of about forty miles.

Geology teaches us that our earth was not always in the same condition as it is now. Its diversified surface has been the theater of almost inconceivable changes and revolutions, and its forms of animal and vegetable life have altered with the varying physical and climatic conditions which it has exhibited, and which when extended over wide periods of time are very marked and distinct. Some astronomers have supposed, and with a high degree of probability, that the planets are undergoing similar changes, and have ventured, from the ruddy appearance of Mars, to suggest that it may be at present in a condition similar to our earth during the old red-sandstone period, while Jupiter is still in what corresponds to our Silurian age.

Whether this be so or not, we may rest satisfied that every portion of the wide uni-

verse which God has formed is replete with the evidences of his wisdom and power; and that he who has stamped the signet of his perfections upon every flower of the field, and every atom of the earth—so that deep as the microscope can explore we find no indication of incompleteness, or want of beauty or order, but an evidence that below and beneath all that the unaided eye can discern the same care and skill which is visible elsewhere is bestowed—has also filled up the arenas of our sister worlds with an equally exhaustless bounty and beneficence. Were we permitted to cross the wide interval of space which separates us from those distant orbs, we should still find ourselves surrounded by a countless multitude of objects and phenomena, different no doubt from those which we are accustomed to contemplate here, but still in keeping with the changed economy of each several world, and where our admiration would be excited and our astonishment increased by the exhibition of that divine omnipotence which can evoke

"From so few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, wonderful and great—
A universe complete."

Our own solar system is, however, but a little portion of the wide and boundless universe. The sun himself and all his retinue of planets are but like grains of sand scattered on the shores of infinitude, and, great as they appear to us, would dwindle into insignificance were the observer transported to the nearest fixed star. Across the vast chasm which separates these glowing suns from each other, the swift speed of light, which would traverse the circumference of our world almost eight times in a single second, speeds for years before it reaches its appointed goal, and yet they are to be counted by millions; so numerous, indeed, that in the only sense in which we can attach any meaning to the word they are really infinite, and separated from each other by fields of ether so vast that, for aught we know, some of those more recently discovered may only have become visible by the fact that the light has for the first time reached our eyes since the dawn of creation.

All imagination fails when we stretch our venturous flight into these far-distant regions. As one by one the landmarks of our terrestrial sky are left behind, and the familiar face of heaven changes beneath our gaze, we feel alone amidst the trackless solitudes of space; yet not alone—even here is the presence of Him whom no immensity can contain, and no distance outreach; Him of whom it was spoken of old, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" His power lights up these suns and upholds these worlds, and we feel as we contemplate the sublime objects around us, perhaps more intensely than it is possible otherwise to do, the true force of the Scripture language, and the divine greatness which it implies, "He made the stars also." What wonders are here! Double and triple suns, many of which, like Sirius, far exceed in brilliancy and size our own central orb; while some exhibit the singular spectacle of one of the number being, in all probability, non-luminous, as if to give us a physical illustration of the fearful words of Jude: "Wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." Here we behold systems which seem isolated in space, where crowds of suns are clustered together, appearing, as described by one of our greatest observers, "to constitute in itself a family or society apart from the rest, and subject only to its own internal laws." Suns differing in brightness, and varying in color; green and blue, and orange and red and amethyst; and those mysterious nebulae, which are unresolvable by our most powerful instruments, and which the analysis of the light reveals as clouds of flaming vapor, circulating round fixed points, and assuming every imaginable shape and form. Some diffused and attenuated to the faintest film; others more condensed, and apparently aggregating into luminous centers; and others resembling a mighty vortex of fiery mist, whose millions upon millions of luminous miles are swept by the awful rush of a cosmical cyclone. Are they worlds in the process of formation, where we still behold the Almighty hand selecting the centers about which suns and

planets are to germinate? and do we see before our eyes the same condition of things which existed in our own solar system, in those suns of long-forgotten years, when "God spake, and they were—commanded, and they stood fast?"

Shall we ever solve the mystery of these singular bodies, or know the secrets of the distant heavens? All its wonders we shall probably never know; but the application of an extended spectrum analysis at least gives us the hope that our knowledge may receive an increasingly wide extension, and justify an extended application of the words, of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork."

Wondrous as is the scale upon which it is built, and glorious the exhibition presented by the physical aspect of the heavens, our ideas of the greatness and wisdom of its Author are far surpassed when we consider the laws which regulate this vast and complicated theater of worlds. Our own solar system is but a type of the whole universe, and none can contemplate the exquisite simplicity of the means employed, and the nice balancing of the forces which preserve the harmony of the whole, and so adjust all the motions and revolutions, that while they permit the swaying to and fro of the system occasioned by the mutual attraction of the various members they render impossible the introduction of any variation which can permanently affect its stability, without feeling that beneath all that is visible and open to scientific research there lies a great regulating and governing power, which acts through this system of laws, and is at once both the Cause and Sustainer of them.

Those who, like "wondering but adoring children," go forth to study the secrets of nature will find amidst all its revelations nothing to shake the foundations of the "faith which was once delivered to the saints," and discover the only satisfactory explanation of the origin and continuance of nature not to lie in the supposition of "self-continuity," but in a firm and confident belief in an Almighty and intelligent First Cause.

VERSAILLES AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

THREE hundred years ago, when Henry IV was King of France, an immense forest spread over the whole region where now stands the princely chateau of Versailles. For more than a century this was the chief hunting-ground of the French monarchs. In the fifteenth century Louis XIII embellished the forest with a hunting-lodge, said to have been a marvel of beauty, where, when weary of the chase, the princely train might rest, and with wine and revelry prolong their voluptuous carousals. Lords and ladies, with packs of hounds, swept through these dark solitudes making them resound with the shouts of royal wassail. As one alights to-day from his carriage before the immense pile, it seems in vain to attempt its description, and we do not wonder that among the most renowned of all the voluptuous palaces of the French kings this was the most celebrated. The main palace contains five hundred rooms, and the long hours of a Summer day are not enough to pass satisfactorily through them.

This chateau was erected when the fundamental doctrine of political economy asserted that the people were made to earn money for the monarchs to spend, while the art of governing consisted simply in keeping the masses submissive; they toiling to administer their hard-earned gains to the wicked indulgence of their rulers. When Louis XIV, ironically surnamed *Le Grand*, had completed the decorations of the Palace of St. Germain for his lovely mistress, the Duchess de la Vallière, he found that always in his promenades through the great *salons* with the fascinating beauty, he could discern in the distance, amid the smoke and haze of the city, the massive towers of St. Denis. He knew that there in the damp, gloomy vaults lay the ashes of the kings of France, and that he also was destined to molder away with his ancestors. His love of sinful pleasure could not subdue a mortal fear of its results, and the royal debauchee would not be tortured by a continual re-

minder of death, judgment, and final retribution. It was more than wine or debauched passion could drown—the impression made by this gloomy mausoleum, rising up in its somber majesty. And soon he ceased to walk on the colonnades of St. Germain, or to look out upon the scene of loveliness spread over the valley below.

This palace was abandoned by the king, and now the “grand monarch” poured out of the people’s treasury untold sums to be spent in rearing for himself and his courtiers and his favorites this stupendous Palace of Versailles, where no sepulcher could rise up before his guilty eyes, but where he might abandon himself to dalliance with every unhallowed pleasure. It is estimated that the incredible sum of two hundred millions of dollars were expended upon the buildings, the gardens, and the park. Thirty thousand soldiers were for a long time employed, besides a large number of mechanics, on the works which inclosed a circuit of sixty miles. Afterward, wealthy nobles built their princely mansions around the royal nucleus, and a population of a hundred thousand thronged the gay streets of this wonderful city.

It is a pleasant drive of twelve miles from the city of Paris, and there is not a spot in the sumptuous abode that is not alive with memories of other days in the by-gone centuries. The town itself, although well enough arranged, has a sleepy air pervading it, like one who knows his work is done. It stands to-day a finished city, with no hope for its future, and having no special interest in the present, disconnected from the palace, save a few residences made famous as having been occupied by the courtiers of the later Louises.

The recent war dealt harshly with the grand civic palace, “Hotel de Ville,” whose history is that of Paris itself; and the blight of mortal conflict has passed over many a magnificent park, over hundreds of palatial residences, and over classically beautiful St.

Cloud, until scarcely a vestige of their former glory can be seen. Unlike the Tuileries, always esteemed an unlucky place, which has probably witnessed more scenes of anguish than any other royal mansion on the globe, and which called from the gentle, winning boy, Louis XVII, the pleading cry to his mamma queen, "Let us go back to our beautiful palace at Versailles; for, O mamma, it is dreadful in this great, dark house." The chateau at Versailles still remains unscathed by war, unmarred by time, a royal monument of venerable age devoted to unsanctified pleasure.

The old portion is of red brick, erected by Louis XIII, and when Louis XIV enlarged the chateau the old building was made the center of the present gorgeous edifice. The front apartments in the center building have always been occupied by the royal family, and hence around them cluster the memories of a vast number of historic events and imposing ceremonies. The western façade is eighteen hundred feet in length, and the other parts of the building are in admirable proportion to this immense feature. We can not wonder that it is an object of intense pride and admiration to the French nation; for, aside from its historic memories, it is the grandest and most imposing of all the palaces of France, having been only rivaled by the united Louvre and Tuileries.

"It is vain," writes a popular journalist, "to attempt a description of the vast collection of paintings and works of art contained herein. There are miles of them, and they represent every period in the history of France. If I were emperor of the French, before sending my troops to battle I would march them through these galleries, and I think I should thus make them invincible." After the museum the most interesting part of the chateau are the State rooms, particularly the chapel built by Louis XIV, where the miserable old sinner made it a point regularly to assist at mass attended by his beautiful *dames d'amour*. If it were not so dismal a retrospect one might smile in derision at the bedizened monarch as he repairs each morning, while yet the effect of debauchery lies heavy upon his brain, to the gorgeous

chapel where he vainly fancies to appease the wrath of heaven by gilding consecrated altars with pure gold, and kneeling before them, glistening with jewels that palpitate over a seared and blackened heart. In this voluptuous reign, and in the sad, troubled one of Louis XVI, is chiefly centered the historic interest of the palace, although it teems with exciting events through each royal *régime* since its erection.

It was in the cabinet, a very beautiful room, and quite unchanged by the change of dynasties, that occurred the incident which cast down from her high pedestal in the king's regard the petted favorite of Louis XV, Madame du Barry. Lowly born, her sojourn at court had taught her to conceal the ignorance and faults of her education; but spite of the loveliness, which at forty years made her smile the most charming, and eyes too bewitchingly fascinating to be resisted, she was yet sensitively jealous of any rival. As she one day entered the apartment where sat the king absorbed in a packet of letters, and fearing every secret dispatch was destined to supplant her as a royal favorite, she imprudently snatched the bundle from the king's hand and cast it into the glowing fire of the grate. She never recovered the favor of the dissolute monarch, and the guilty beauty was almost the first victim to perish in the Revolution. The details of the tragedy of her execution are pitiable in the extreme. Her hair being partly shorn, that it might not impede the work of the guillotine-knife, still fell in clustering ringlets of beautiful color and profusion over her brow and temples, veiling the perfect yet voluptuous features, and reposed on her bosom, from which the executioner had brutally torn her dress. The drunken mob danced exultingly around the aristocratic courtesan, as the cart dragged her onward, while the shrieks of the appalled victim resounded above the roar that surrounded her. "Life! life! life! Oh, save me! save me!" she screamed, frantic with fear. The room is still untouched where the royal lover also was left to a mortal agony with the loathsome disease, small-pox. Here the monarch of thirty millions of

subjects was left to struggle unaided with death. And here also is the couch whereon the founder of this splendid chateau, the gray-haired monarch, Louis XIV, emaciated with disease, and groaning under a burden of remorse, expired after a dissolute reign of forty years. The regal bed had its hangings of velvet and lace, looped back with ropes and tassels of gold, but the proud emperor lay painfully gasping in death, as with solemn word of warning and confession of wrong doing, he strove to address himself to the gentlemen in waiting.

Upon a balcony overhanging the front entrance occurred a scene of greater moral sublimity than had ever been exhibited within or around these massive walls—one that can never again be enacted in its whole future history, however dramatic that may prove. The morning of October 8, 1789, dawned in somber gloom, after a black and stormy night. An infuriated mob of men, women, and boys, drunken and ragged, had been wandering by thousands like beasts of prey through all that bitter, dreary night, thirsting for the life of Queen Marie Antoinette. The sky still lowering and gray with a stormy tempest, looked down on the mob, pressing hard against the palace in a dark, dense throng, shouting with fiendish roar, "La Reine! la Reine!" We turn away in profound sorrow and admiration inexpressible from the heroic woman in this her hour of bitter persecution and unmeasured woe, whose only fault seemed to be the gift of a light-hearted innocence fostered by the free, untrammled domestic training she received in her Austrian home, which set at nought the cold etiquette of a purely conventional *régime* in France, under which flowed a putrid stream of moral pollution unequalled in any age in this sin-cursed world. As the queen, in her calm, grand beauty, stepped fearlessly out of the low window, leading her children by the hand, even the maddened crowd had not the heart to gaze unmoved upon such youth and innocence, and they cried "Away with the children!" Can we of these later ages fancy as we stand on the now tranquil spot, this pale, fair, stately woman, with her hair

turned prematurely gray, presenting herself to that fierce, hungry mob, going back with her children at their hoarse mandate, then reappearing with arms folded across her breast and eyes raised to heaven, as if devoting herself a sacrifice to the fiendish wrath of her subjects? A murmur of admiration ran through this host of haggard *canaille*, assembled on the marble flags below her while a simultaneous cheer rose from the changeable multitude, and rent the air above and around the balcony, "Vive la Reine! vive la Reine!"

The fatal reaction in this undisciplined race did not long tarry, and of which, in its details of later events, history is prolix in its various record. The clashing of arms, the struggling of desperadoes with royal officials within the palace on the night succeeding this memorable morning, the dying cry of Marie's faithful sentinel, "Fly, fly, for your life!" the tumultuous rush of ferocious assassins, who plunged their bayonets with all the strength of their brawny arms into the bed from which the queen had fled in terror,—all these are fearful stories in historic truth, which has rarely been equaled in the world's mournful and impressive tragedies.

Subsequent to the revolution of 1789 Versailles gave place to other royal palaces, nearer to the capital as residences for the reigning potentates. Beautiful St. Cloud, with its freedom, its stillness and solitude, where the caroling of birds only could be heard amid its thick foliage, and where the bright sunshine lighted up the broad halls of the chateau, became to Napoleon Bonaparte, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III, a favorite resort, not only because of its rare beauty, but that for a season they could find there a retreat and shelter from the weary anxieties of a more regal state—a spot where the ladies in waiting on the three fascinating queens might sweep through the fragrant apartments in light airy Summer costume, and with merry laughter and happy song forget the dull formalities of the city palace.

When the seat of royalty had been transferred from this rural chateau to the splendid salons of the great, dark Tuileries, the latter became resonant with music, wit, and

all the glare of court festivities and receptions during the administration of the First Consul and Josephine. And after his day the luckless palace once more welcomed back a king—the stolid son of Louis XV, reposed there quietly for a brief period in the midst of his country's shame. Louis Philippe fled from it in 1848; and on the same gilded balcony where the Emperor Louis Napoleon, the Emperor, and young Prince Imperial, received the loyal homage of "Bœuf Gras" cortege, in the Spring of 1871, distributing largess to these faithful subjects, seated on crimson velvet cushions placed for the greater comfort of their august bodies, three months afterward were hung shirts, socks, and other nether garments of the invalids to dry in the morning air while the water wrung out from them ran over the mosaic floor of the Salle des Maréchaux, and Salle du Trône.

Hob-nailed shoes tore over velvet tapestry, filthily hands smeared the delicate frescoes of its imperial walls. Spite of all the weird and sad histories belonging to these royal and civic palaces, Hotel de Ville, Tuileries and St. Cloud, they furnished rich material at last to the cruel rage of a blood-thirsty mob, until in 1871 their fate was sealed by the devastating fire from bomb and petroleum, when these homes of kings were left empty, mutilated, and desolate.

At the chateau of Versailles each room that we enter not only has its own story to tell, but we see here one plain truth, that Providence has strange ways in dealing out his compensatory designs. The kings of France robbed the nation to rear for themselves gorgeous palaces, which should be eternal monuments of their regal power; and yet no tongue or pen can adequately depict the heart-rending dramas that have culminated to their tragical perfection within these walls. One shudders to recall the hopelessness of that delirium, which racked, with agony nearly unto death, the beautiful Duchess de la Vallière in her abandonment by the false Louis; and of Madame de Montespan, who forsook her husband and every natural tie, to cast herself into the arms of that mean, self-worshipping monarch, only to

be forsaken in turn. It is sadder still to remember the early blight that fell upon the wedded wife of Louis XIV, the gentle, patient, cruelly injured Maria Theresa, who remained true in her affection, and faithful in attendance upon the royal sinner as long as he lived.

Versailles can never be what it has been in the centuries past, hilarious with the crowds of high-born lords and ladies in purple and gold who thronged the salons, or mounted on horses or in chariots swept by as a vision of enchantment. The fearful outrages of the French Revolution concentrated upon kings and nobles, in the short space of a few years, the accumulated vengeance of wrong and violence in the hearts of oppressed men. The poor peasant, emaciated by toil, and starving with wife and children over his black bread, found at last the strength of desperation and despair.

As the court center of President MacMahon, and the accomplished lady, his wife, a dim brilliance for a brief period gathered about its majestic precincts, but it can now be considered only as a grand repository of art, which is freely opened to the world's inspection, rather than a splendid home for royalty. As we bid farewell to these rich galleries of beauty, the emphatic words of Madame de Maintenon are vividly recalled, who, in view of the wretched life of Louis XIV, exclaimed, "Could you but form an idea of what kingly life is! Those who occupy thrones are the most unfortunate in the world!" Yet this was the monarch, who, on one occasion, gave an entertainment in the banqueting hall of Versailles, for which seventy-five thousand dollars were expended in luxuries for the table, where gold and silver ornaments, jewels, and precious stones glittered after the feast, where the gaming tables were spread, and where the courtiers of both sexes gambled without any risk—this king who paid the atrocious sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for every grand opera performed in the theater.

We can only loiter for a brief hour where it might delight us to pass days and weeks amid the labyrinth of groves, lawns, pastures of flowers, cascades, forests, and be-

wildering paths, that abound in perplexing confusion. The *parterre de L'Eau*, with its miniature lakes, and finely executed statues, both in marble and bronze, is indeed a gem of beauty. Yet most of these designs indicate the voluptuous taste that inspired them. At the extremity of the park stands the exquisite palace erected by Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon—the Grand Trianon. It is a spacious and aristocratic mansion, but seems like the residence of opulence and taste, rather than the abode of royalty. It was a favorite retreat of the Bourbons from the pomp and ceremony of Versailles, and was also a frequent resort of Napoleon Bonaparte and Josephine, where they sought a few hours' repose from the formalities of an imperial court.

But it is the Petite Trianon which ranks in every mind as the most fascinating attraction of the park. Not alone that it is a beautifully modeled chateau, and erected by Louis XV for the lovely Madame du Barry; not because of its temples, groves, lakes, cascades, and lawns, which make it of paradisaical beauty, but because it was the favorite abode of Marie Antoinette, the spot beyond all others that she called home. Here the brilliant young Austrian forgot the restraints of regal life, forgot that she was a persecuted and hated queen. Here she often sadly regretted the lack of intellectual culture in her early years, exclaiming to her companion, "What a resource amidst the casualties of life is to be found in a well instructed mind. One then can be one's own company and find society in one's own thoughts."

We can not do better in closing this account of Versailles and its associations than to give the graphic souvenirs of a distinguished American artist, who having been received more as an honored guest than as a chance visitor at the Court of Napoleon III, thus carries us back to the rustic reign of Louis XVI and his consort at Petite Trianon:

"Here the regal votaries of pleasure, satiated with the gayeties of Paris, weary of the splendors and the etiquette of the Tuileries and Versailles, endeavored to step from the palace to the cottage, and in the hum-

ble employment of the humblest life, to alleviate the monotony of an existence devoted only to pleasure. They *played* that they were peasants—put on the garb of peasants, and engaged heartily in the employment of peasants. King Louis was the innkeeper, and Marie Antoinette, with her sleeves tucked up, and her apron bound around her, the inn-keeper's pretty and energetic wife. She courtesied humbly to the guests whom her husband received at the door, spread the table for them, and placed before them the fresh butter, which in the dairy she had churned with her own hands. A noble duke kept the shop and sold the groceries. A graceful, high-born duchess was Betty, the maid of the inn. A marquis, who proudly traced his lineage through many centuries, was the miller, grinding the wheat for their evening meal. And yet how terrible the fate of those who once made these picturesque scenes to resound with the voice of gayety!

"As we left it on a calm, beautiful, warm, Summer evening, it was like some lovely, silent, deserted village, where all was in perfect repair. The green lawn was of velvet softness, the trees and shrubbery were all in full leaf. Innumerable birds filled the air with their warblings, and there was the chirp of insects, the rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the wind, the ripple of the streamlet; and through all came a solemn requiem of those men and women who once sported with innocent hilarity through these scenes of enchantment—of the gay multitudes who were afterward burned in the chateau or massacred in the streets. Some died miserably on pallets of straw in dungeons dark and wet and cold. Some were dragged by a deriding mob to the guillotine; and some in beggary and wretchedness wandered through weary years in foreign lands, envying the fate of those who had found a more speedy death."

And even now scenes scarcely less exciting are witnessed there, though without the sanguinary accompaniment of former times. It may yet happen that Republican France will at length redeem the good name lost by the Empire and the *Commune*.

A QUEER LITTLE COUNTRY.

WHOEVER is tired of republicanism as a government, or of vastness as a characteristic of one's surroundings, and would like a tight little kingdom by way of novelty as a residence, is hereby advised to go and try the little country whose distinguishing features we are now about to advertise. Although you can not quite cover it with your pocket-handkerchief, still from the closeness of its towns and the easy fittings over its net-work of railways, it is a mere bit of pleasure-ground compared with the vast extent of the United States—a Fairmount or Central Park, rather fatiguing to explore in a walk, but quite within the scope of a pleasant drive. You go there as you would to Rhode Island, taking things easy, with no oppressive distances to disturb your dreams, knowing that if you make too long days' journeys you will exceed the length of your tether, and find yourself somewhere else. Consequently it is in no way a land of hurry. We have even seen a train that had started stop to take up a dilatory passenger. Then, in several parts of the world you are tempted to remark that crazy folk govern countries for wise men to live in; but this country is less liable than most to the observation, for much in it is done by self-government, or by letting things take their natural course. True, there is a monarch, and one descended from a line of gallant princes; but his position derives whatever force and importance it possesses from the power of association rather than from any recognition by the people of the doctrine that kings are an indispensable article. The people are full of their history to their finger-ends, and all the more full of it because their history is greater than their actual position, like an ancient family that has come down in the world; and they venerate their royal family, not merely because it is mixed up with their history, but because they have a strong suspicion that without it they could not maintain their unity and independence. Their

respect for their sovereign is rooted in their nationality and domesticity as his fellow-countrymen; and it is like the feeling which they have toward their sons or their grandfathers—toward the streak of water which bounds their pleasure-grounds.

Curiously, also, this monarchical feeling co-exists with an independent local feeling, essentially republican in its origin and derivation. The historical feeling of affection for the monarchy does not extend to the aristocracy of the country. "An aristocracy! Oh, there is an aristocracy, then," I think I hear some one say, disgusted. Well—yes; but a peculiar one. It is different from that of England or France. An English nobleman claims his nobility under any circumstances, and his claim is allowed by all his countrymen; but though the nobleman of this little country is regarded by other noblemen as a nobleman, among other classes his claim is not maintained so easily. Why? Because his country being a very democratic one, a kingdom by accident only, he is a being aloof from all but his kind. Proud he is to a degree, but never insolent to his inferiors—naturally not. Delighting in the quiet pleasures of his country house, nothing of a sportsman, but fond of a handsome turn-out; on the whole a quiet, estimable, domesticated man, who does not trouble himself with other people's business; and if he has a fine house, or castle, as he likes to call it, and grounds, does not shut them in with high walls, but allows all to see them and himself in the enjoyment of them.

There is scarcely any nation in the world which has excited so little curiosity of late years as the one I speak of. It has fallen from its former high estate; its language is only of use in the country itself; and again, the run of trade is towards the spicy East, while tourists merely pass through the country on their way to more picturesque scenes. Yet it is not by any means an ugly country, for there is a quiet charm about it, and especially about its soft, changing, gray skies,

which is not to be found in equal measure anywhere else. The scenery is photographic, clear, positive, and delicate, abounding in charming details, and a mere sight of the country will enable you to form an idea of its art. But still it is a country that owes its attraction chiefly to what man has done for it. It is a country noticeably "man-abounding," as Aristophanes says of Greece, and yet without either the majesty of grandeur or the beauty of romance. Its surface, which you can survey almost in its entirety from the towers of one of its churches, presents a perfectly flat, rich and cheerful scene—cheerful despite its supreme repose. There are frequent villages, each with its church-tower or spire on all parts of the horizon, and each generally more or less clothed with wood. The various canals every-where intersecting the plain are often lined with poplars and willows. The perpetual breeze turns innumerable windmills, which grind grain or saw timber or regulate the canals. Advancing through a prosperous, busy life of this kind, you pass many dairy farms and much rich pasture land dotted with groups of cattle. There is plenty of color and homely ornament in the villages you enter, and an independent quaintness about the shape and style of each house, as if each house was conscious that its independence had been too hard fought for not to be worth maintaining in every detail. Then there is a great love of flowers visible, developing itself often in huge and brilliant hollyhocks, or "stickroses," as the natives call them.

In the towns, the piquancy of a water-life going on *inside* a town-life is the crowning novelty to the stranger. The canals run through the body of the chief cities, like veins in the human body, and their green blood gives it a strange animation. Masts rise beside the trees by which the canals are lined, opposite windows with outside shutters of green, or lined with flowers, belonging to houses in which the prevailing red is varied by different shades of that warm color, and by artful zebra-like stripes of white, which seem always to be kept clean and fresh. Outside every window are little mirrors, which present to the person sitting

inside the whole line of the street, and into which the ladies look as they sit plying their needles, with the constancy of the Lady of Shalott. Barges of many colors push steadily along the canals; the white bridges open heavily to let the constant traffic pass, and no sooner do they close again than carts and trucks and hand-barrows go rattling over them. Every body is busy; yet so much of the heavy work is done by water that there is comparatively little noise.

Looking about you in the streets you notice fruit-shops where the melons look blooming and luscious, and cigar-shops where the cigars are both cheap and good, and cheese-shops with cheeses as round as cannon-balls; and you discover that a painted pole does not indicate a barber's room, but a provision store, and that the barber makes his presence known by hanging out three basins. And how tranquilly the city reposes on its canals, with a belt of water winding round it! Yet a north-west wind, for two successive tides, floods the town. What was a street yesterday becomes a river; and you pass in a boat over the spot last occupied by your child's perambulator. Women skurry off, holding up their petticoats; heavy gentlemen are carried into dry regions by porters. The doors and ground-floor windows are closed, secured, and made impregnable to wet, by processes founded on old experience, and the householder walks up stairs and hails in his drawing-room a *terra firma*! How do the houses stand the strain? Because the foundations, though often as much as *six hundred years old*, are seventy feet deep! They consist of piles sunk through the mud into the clay, and upon them a stout platform of planks; and the whole of the wood-work being constantly covered with water, this foundation once laid, serves for successive houses, and seems to be almost indestructible. Upon the platform is raised the house, with very strong walls of stone or clinker-brick, tied together so firmly with numerous transverse beams, that at the *top* of a merchant's house, seven or eight stories high, may often be found a warehouse containing the heaviest iron goods. Each house commonly stands completely detached from

its neighbor; and it may be safely said that though a very violent earthquake might topple these structures over bodily, it could not shake them to pieces.

You see that the people are orderly, cleanly, and peaceable as Quakers, and yet you are surprised to learn that in a former time, while our own "colonies" were still in their infancy, they gained greater naval victories over England and inflicted more damage upon her cherished commerce than either France or Spain ever did at their best; nay, they have gained victories over the combined fleets of France and England within sight of their wives and children. Their country has produced great generals, admirals, painters, and scholars; it once gave a king to England, who was the most able and energetic English monarch since the "great Eliza;" and it contains a university which was for three centuries one of the brightest stars of the literary constellation of the North—the only university in the world which owes its existence to a city's heroism.

Enter the houses of the better classes and you will find them resplendent with white marble and glorious with carved work; and yet the first thought you have on entering any chamber, a drawing-room not excepted, is "How very long!" the next, "How very bare!" Every thing is handsome; but there is so little of it. No lounging-chairs, no round tables with knickknackeries; a cabinet with closed glass-doors, chairs placed in formal rows, a handsome chandelier, a stove place, and that is all. You take a seat, and perhaps touch the wall with your elbow—lo! it yields to the touch. Wall-paper is a misnomer here; paper-hangings is the proper word, and these are sometimes of oil paintings on canvas by first-rate artists.

The laws and customs of meals, too, have their peculiarities. The first meal consists of a cup of delicious tea, or not so good coffee, at choice; with a single sandwich of thin-sliced, buttered, black bread. All is over in five minutes, and this must content the sharpest morning appetite till midday. The lady of the house at once proceeds with a most important operation—that of "wash-

ing up." She would no more intrust her precious china to the hands of a servant than would a young mother the cutting of her baby's eyelashes to the under nurse. The next meal is at twelve, and it is but a repetition of the first, only that this time there is a more plentiful supply of bread and butter, and the black bread sandwich is supplemented by others of thin-sliced, dried meat. These slight snacks, whets to appetite only, lead up, in full accord with the famous principles of De Quincey, to dinner, the great, the preponderating meal, about which, as he says, "the whole day should center;" and certainly a dinner in this prim little country is a tremendous fact. During one-half of the twenty-four hours it is impossible to be unconscious that you have not dined; and during the other, not to be conscious that you have—the facts are too strong—appetite and repletion. It would take a great deal too much space to describe their extraordinary dinners, but it may just be said that mighty dishes of vegetables, boiled and afterward stewed in butter, appear as courses *per se*. The great pride of the housewife is preserves and pickles, and both of them make a great show upon the dinner table, the quality being really superb. If it falls to your lot to help a fair left-hand neighbor to wine, you must be careful to pour a few drops into your own glass first; this is a time-honored custom. Immediately after eating has ceased, the cigar-box is taken round by the children, and no lady dreams of objecting, nor is even consent asked. Young and old smoke ever and every-where except in church—in the house, out of the house, and in my lady's chamber. My lady is fortunately bred and born to the business of endurance, and after-training makes her perfect. She certainly has a stay-at-home husband, as the reward of her acquiescence in his tranquillizing sensuality. It is not an uncommon thing to see (in the villages) the clergyman hearing his children and pupils in the catechism, with a cigar in his mouth.

The inhabitants are great people for blood and kindred and family gatherings. There are the "copper-wedding," the "silver-wed-

ding," and the "gold-wedding." Young people fall in love in the customary manner, but the swain—more happy than his fellows in some greater countries—makes his offer direct to the lady. A marriage of convenience is an unheard-of thing. Consent of parents, however, is necessary, for without it the marriage of persons, even up to the age of thirty, may be declared absolutely null and void; but, here is balm indeed! any one who is more than twenty-one has a *legal* means of bringing an obstinate parent to reason. Lovers always choose the house and buy the furniture together during courtship. Consequent (or not) on all this, an elopement is a rare thing indeed.

There is an antique quaintness in some of their social customs, which is irresistibly comic. A birth, for instance, is not made known to the world in our meagre fashion: "Mrs. Brown, of a son," but "of a very well-shapen son," or some such phrase. When baby is two weeks old, it gives a boudoir reception for married ladies only; and on this occasion it is dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, and wearing a beautiful long white veil.

So, too, in the case of a death. You meet a functionary in the street in knee-breeches, cocked-hat, long piece of crape behind, all black and funereal. This individual—a relic of feudal times—takes the news of a death to every house in the street and every acquaintance of the defunct. But these, and many other traits of their simplicity are connected with the natural kindness of the people. Besides their own language, a large proportion of them read, and many even speak English; but with French, you are perfectly comfortable every-where in the country, and besides this the scholars all talk Latin fluently.

No nation has in its time fought and suffered so much for religion. Freedom, religious and political, gained by the blood of their forefathers so lavishly shed, they now enjoy to the fullest extent. They are an eminently religious people. The comparatively smaller bodies of Lutherans and Roman Catholics excepted, the Reformed Church represents the religion of the country. The

members of this rank themselves Orthodox and Liberal or Modern, the latter almost corresponding with Unitarianism. Ministers of *all* denominations are paid by the State; but none can claim pay until a congregation is formed in sufficient numbers to justify the demand. The clergy preach in circuit, and there is a change not merely of minister, but of doctrine as well, every Sunday in each church. There are always *two* collections during the service—one for the poor, and no nation is so liberal to the poor—and one for Church expenses. Men and women sit on opposite sides, or men outside and women in the center.

Their freedom, supported as it is by proud recollections of former glories, by the subtle influence of an almost uncontaminated mother-tongue, by present tranquil prosperity, and by the feeling, strong in every one's breast, that his *dykes* give him the power of destroying, Samson-like, in a supreme moment, himself and foes together in one tremendous act of annihilation, render the nation one of the most patriotic in the world—and, of course, you know I am talking of Holland.

Do you ask where this country may be found? Turn to Goldsmith's "Traveler," whose description of it, as it appeared more than a hundred years ago, still applies with a remarkable degree of correctness, to the same country as it is to-day.

"To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile.
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Hence all the good from opulence that springs
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much loved wealth imparts—
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear—
Even liberty itself is bartered here.

"Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old—
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow!"

"UN CONTEUR MORALISTE."

UNDER this title a critic in the *Révue de Deux Mondes*, some time since, gave a very interesting detailed account of a French writer of short stories, which in this age of much romancing is a treasure trove of unusual value. Verily the French usually display little care in devising stories that have for their basis the pure sentiment of a happy home life such as Germany and America depict. They seldom discover the mediums between extremely childish conceptions and the thrilling intrigue which is apparently an integral part of French character.

For school children we have a number of moral stories, but beyond the age of mere childhood they are generally puerile and pointless, and French romance writers must have pandered to a taste vitiated indeed since nearly all (such as George Sand, Balzac, etc.) need an apologist, and few American or English mothers but strive to keep the French novel out of sight and out of mind. The author, P. J. Stahl, to whom the reference is first made above is spoken of as an editor of beautiful books and a charming writer. In this twofold capacity he is known to the Parisian public, and has nothing to desire in the way of national notoriety. But perhaps he has not been appreciated here at his true value, and classed according to his real rank, for he should be known as the author of some of the happiest novels of our day. He has met with much friendly criticism, but no one seems to have undertaken the task of sorting and making an inventory of his works, among which are truly many precious pearls.

Stahl knows how to write a thrilling story, but he does not prefer so to portray human nature that we ought to despise it; on the contrary he addresses himself to that with which we may sympathize even in its folly, over which we may lament without indignation or condemn without bitterness or the trace of disgust. There always remains something of our youth in old age, and Stahl had the happiness of being young before

France had known the turbulence of the July Revolution, of the frenzy of the Commune. This familiar critic says that Stahl has "taken more care of the morals of the reader than any romance writer of his time." Morality is, so to speak, the muse of his title-page, presiding over the composition of his highest fantasies or his most serious pages. Morality is ever present with him, not simply as the choice of reason or the result of experience, but as the decided preference and inclination of his soul.

Plato's maxim, "See in the good a reflection of the beautiful, rather than in the beautiful a reflection of the good," he seems to have made his own. Stahl loves the brilliant, but the brilliance which too often derives its light from the glare of the voluptuary's stand-point, and has its portraiture in scandalous adventure or unworthy intrigue, is foreign to his nature. We never discover in his writings any element of low, unscrupulous wit. He is an advocate of the strictest and holiest conjugal relations, of the closest and tenderest home ties (among that people who have no word expressive of *home*), and of the fireside guarded by the angel of probity, against every temptation of the outside world. He is a man of wit. It is easy to be sparkling when charity covers the venom of our pleasantries, it is easy to be piquant with the freedom of speech which characterised the court of Louis XV, but it is a rare gift to be amusing without giving offense to the most delicate sensibility.

The morality of Stahl has triumphed over all conflicting elements, associating without detriment and turning to advantage such friends as George Sand and Alfred De Musset. His love of the brilliant helps to adorn all he writes, and his love of the emotional lends an eloquence and tenderness which is the natural language of the heart.

A moralist signifies an observer and judge of human nature, but he is not necessarily a preacher of morals. There is a great differ-

ence between the morality of many writers who have borne this title and the traditional morality of society. Without speaking of Voltaire and Montesquieu, who have been called moralists in a certain way, the pessimism of La Rochefoucauld is not assuredly to be recommended as a proper system upon which to form the mind and heart of early youth, and though Montaigne, the great Montaigne himself, always ends by adding the usual moral, we certainly can not advise any one to reach it by the same route. Of his "Voyage ou il Vous Plaira" the critic adds, "It may be forty years old, but it shows no wrinkled visage."

Conceived in youth, addressed to youth, it preserves all the freshness of coloring, and presents the most beautiful contrasts. Again, his "Scenes de la Vie Publique et Privée des Animaux," is not a satire upon general humanity, but a witty travesty upon the political and social morals, arising out of the July Revolution, and a prophetic picture of the scenes of the Revolution of February. This book is the joint product of Balzac, George Sand, Charles Nodin, and Stahl, and, therefore, it is perhaps lacking in unity; but the greater and best part is the work of our author. From this escapes the pretty little "White Blackbird," of Alfred De Musset. The Memoirs of a Rabbit, the Adventures of a Butterfly, the Life and Philosophical Reflections of a Penguin, touch with a master stroke and without undue *empressment* the most important moral questions of the day. The date of the appearance of these "Scenes" may be called the golden age of socialism. The world had scarcely recovered from the influence which the doctrine of Fourier had produced, and of the full effect of which it is difficult to give an adequate idea to the present generation. Stahl, through the medium of his *Rabbit* philosophers, amorous Butterflies, and traveled Penguins, revolts against this dangerous doctrine with a vigor which is at the same time piquant and irresistible. He demonstrates very ingeniously that this raging desire to be happy at any cost is but a new and infallible source of misfortune to all who give it the first place in their heart. Look,

now at the "History of a Man with a Cold in his Head." Here he displays inimitable humor. It is an idea worthy of Sterne, that of a man suffering from his birth with so ordinary an affliction, causing the most complicated and ridiculous circumstances, and bringing about the most pathetic and tragic trials. Forced by his persistent nasal obstruction to leave his home and his scolding wife, he wanders into the marshy northern districts, only seeking to find companionship in his misery, and be relieved from the quirk and ridicule of the world around him.

The overwhelming grief of these singular unfortunates has something comic and yet pathetic in their failure to obtain consolation or pity, until finally Hravin accords to our hero the sympathy of his wife through her greater infirmity of deafness. Of what miracles are not wit and humor capable? It enhances the value of the simplest truths, softens the bitterness of the severest, freshens the most commonplace utterances, embellishes with fantastic designs the cup which contains a nauseous potion, gives to brusqueness an unexpected charm, softens the most cruel irony and makes tears appear more beautiful than smiles.

The "History of a Prince and Princess," proves the danger of ill-assorted marriage, shows that the union of a giant and a fairy or vulture and a humming-bird can not result happily. The lesson is direct, simple and elementary; but the talent of the author consists in so managing the story that the full effect is perceived only in the full and rounded close. Stahl has invented the art of pointing a moral by "playing truant," a truly ingenious idea, for where is the school-boy who would refuse to follow his preceptor along the road trodden by the Little Red Riding-Hood.

For many years Stahl has been the editor of the best *Recueils* ever undertaken for the use of childhood and youth, entitled the "Magazine of Education and Recreation." Two volumes of this collection whose contributions are from the pen of Jules Verne, Laprade and Sandeau have been specially distinguished by the French Academy. In

these two volumes of miscellanies Stahl has succeeded in discussing the difficult question of liberal education in a manner at the same time adroit and firm, quietly combating public judgment without yielding to its caprice.

In conclusion we call attention to two biographical and critical notices—the one at the head of a choice edition of anecdotes and treatises by Chamfort, and the other serving as a preface to the Monumental Edition of Perrault, illustrated by Doré. This notice of Chamfort was written partly with the view of combating Sainte Beuve, who had handled rather roughly the witty pessimist, and the critic adds, “I regret to say

that in my opinion, victory remains with Sainte Beuve, whose judgment is irreproachable.” Stahl has been happier in his notice of Perrault, and exhibits an admiration which will not be challenged and which agrees perfectly with his own benevolent nature. This critique gives to Stahl a character quite distinctive among his literary companions. It is an uncommon spectacle, and one from which much is to be gained, that in reading certain authors we lose nothing of those fixed and eternal principles which should govern us. The life and the writings of Stahl have a unity and logic not often found in the works of the more celebrated and influential.

A PARABLE.

ENFOLDEN sweet in Summer calm,
Expectantly the garden lay,
All noiselessly the evening fair
Shook odors from her twilight hair—
It was the hush 'twixt night and day.

From tree of spice and purple vine,
From lovely ranks of dew-drenched flowers,
A choral trembled, solemn, sweet;
Like silver spray, its music beat
Against the stilly moving hours.

All sang exultant—all save *one*,
A Lily dropping tears like rain;
Her robe clung round her chastely white;
Yet on her heart, as though the *night*
Had kissed its snow, there lay a stain.

And as from banks of amethyst
A million star-flowers shot their rays,
I marked a form of God-like mien,
Heaven on its lifted brow serene,
Walk through the clean-swept garden
ways.

It was the Heavenly Gard'ner, come
With large discernment in his eyes,
To lavish from his kindly thrift
On every plant its needful gift,
Some grace fresh-culled from paradise.

He paused beside the grieving flower,
And now his eyes were as the sun,
When earth-born mist up-soars to hide
The flooding of that golden tide
Whose *life* is in the lowliest one.

A grief may rise to touch a God,
And pity's plummet sound despair.
Low drooped in pain that lofty head;
Love stooped in glory's awful stead,
With *tears* to answer tearful prayer,

As hence, to waiting bloom and tree,
That Majesty, half-veiled, trod,
A *stainless Lily* starred the night,
One tear divine had left her white,
And in her perfect blossoming
The sweet flower-spirit seemed to sing
“Yea, God is love, yea, love is God.”

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER XXX.

THEY sat on the deck of a steamer in mid ocean, Rubetta and Hugh. They had parted from La Madre Bernardina, and she had gone back to Amalfi, mourning, yet knowing nothing that should make her fear to weep at Guido's grave. They had left the Herr Professor and the dear old Frau in Perugia in charge of the artist's villa. They had broken away from London and the round of festive scenes into which Lady Monteith was only too proud to take the betrothed wife of her son. All the labor, all the art life, all the social pleasure, all the schemes and plans for being of use in the new home were left for the time behind. Hugh had had a long talk with Monteith, in which the latter insisted upon making up all deficiencies in Ruby's original fortune; but Hugh would not allow it to be so.

"No, Graham, much as I love you, you must let me be a man, and I have undertaken a man's work. Much of what was unfortunately lost"—he had never admitted to Gray that any thing had been *culpably* lost—"I can replace on her wedding-day. I confess I should like to replace all, to be able to show her what my father received, and where it is now, and to give her the titles to all. If you want to help me to do that, by putting a larger capital in the business, by advancing to me what is needed, I suppose my father would be made glad. Only in that case we should remain in your debt instead of in debt to Rubetta. I should work on through the years all the same."

In vain Gray remonstrated, and urged that there was money enough, that it was wrong to give to mere accumulation years that might be made so rich in aiding needier souls. In vain he told him it was pride that made any consideration of mine and thine between them. On this subject Hugh could not be moved.

"It is my work, Gray," he said; "when this is done—and I will use all effort to do it

quickly—I will be ready either to join you in a life work for others in England, or to undertake such a work at home; but for the present it must be as I say."

And Christopher, the strong one, found the boy he loved had grown to the full stature of a man, and needed not to be borne through life on any protecting arm.

And now at sea they had left all else behind—even Graham Monteith, who must care for his work, and have an eye to Moorlands before he could come for its future mistress. It was a long, sweet lull between two worlds, and both Hugh and Ruby found it a blessed rest—a time to talk and think. The sea was bright, as if its sparkling surface had never known a storm, or shrouded a wreck. Marah was below and asleep. Hugh arranged cushions and wraps till only a dark beautiful face looked out from its frame of wavy hair, against the background of a crimson cloak. The air was full of freshness and life, and Ruby said, looking up to Hugh, who had thrown himself down at her side:

"Do you remember our other voyage, Hugo, when I was such a sad little creature, all rebellion and gloom, and doubt of God's love and care?"

"And I," he broke in, "a morbid little man, grieving myself sick because I could not do for you what only God can do for any of us."

"What's that Hugo?"

"Love us into being glad."

"Well, he has done it for me, dear cousin. Then I felt how hard he was, now I only marvel more and more at his loving kindness, and long to do something for those less happy than I am."

"But what became of your rebellion and doubt, Ruby?"

"I don't know, Hugo. They just died; as if the flowers grew so fast they crowded out the weeds. Aunt Patience first, or you first, and then Aunt Patience, seemed to

have some strange rest in *God*. Graham had it; and you were all, as I wanted to be, a power to help. You seemed to me like what *God* meant souls to be, and people who did not care for him or govern their lives by him seemed unsafe and without repose. I can not describe it. I think it must have been the silent influence of your lives, Hugo. The very things you thought did not touch my heart were affecting it all the while. Then the art I loved seemed always opening into the divine, and was a teacher to my soul as well as my brain."

Hugh watched her with the look a mother's face might wear, listening to the story of a prodigal child, though he did not know he was hearing her "confession of faith."

"And it was my first *real joy*, Hugo," she went on, "that gave my faith its first wings. I shall always believe in the sanctifying influence of a 'good time.' When I was first really, consciously *happy*—that was when it first dawned upon me that Gray loved me, you know—it sent me to my knees. I was like a child that wanted to kiss the hand that gave me what I wanted. All very selfish and untheological wasn't it? But Hugo, I verily believe I was converted when I was *glad*, for there came an in-rushing of shame at my ingratitude and ill desert, and of love and recognition of *God's* love, that has never since been lost. That same night Gray said, while talking to me in the conservatory"—Hugh remembered, and a shadow of pain crossed his face—"Remember that only in *God* is there certainty and repose."

She paused as if the rest were harder to tell.

"Well, after that there were dark days, and since then much anxiety and trouble and labor and pain, and I learned to know what it was to have no one but *God*. So I have somehow never let him go."

"And you have found in him 'certainty and repose?'"

"Yes, Hugo; and I should not like to tell you or any one what the life has been since I left you all—the inner, real life, I mean—the doubt of my success, the consciousness of poverty; for what were we to do after Marah's store was gone, if I failed with my

pictures? Then the sense of mystery and uncertainty and shame about my birth, the homeless feeling, even with the dear friends who protected me. Ah, it has been a lesson."

"How gladly I would have spared you all that," he said, "if you had trusted me."

"Yes, it was a mistake. No girl should have done as I did. Surely *God* shielded me, and out of it all the good I can see lies in the fact that now I know better how to sympathize and care for others who are unfortunate. I may be better able to help you and Gray."

"Well, I suppose that is the great lesson of life after all, Rubetta, and you will be a help to Gray. The work *he* does is surely one in which *God* is."

"But you will be in it too, Hugo?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, in *God's* work somewhere. It does not matter where."

Perhaps something in his tone warned her that he was sad, for she changed the subject at once, saying brightly:

"Hugo, you promised to read papa's story with me. Shall we have a better hour than this?"

"No; of all times this is the best."

He went to fetch it, and while he was gone she sang to herself a little song which the Italian maidens sing to their absent lovers.

The sky was blue, the sea lay laughing in the sun. One white sail was in sight, full of the breeze that bore it toward England. She sent her heart out to catch the sail, giving her song to the winds after it, but kept enough behind to light her eyes with pleasure as her cousin Hugh approached.

He seated himself with his finger between the leaves.

"And this is the story about the attempt of the brigands to get my mamma?"

"No, Ruby; this is the story of their *second* attempt to get *money* for her."

"Which papa paid?"

"Which my Uncle Robert paid—as you will see."

"Then this is what he meant when he wrote the teasing letter to Aunt Patience, in which he said, he 'paid a price for mamma large enough for a dowry for her daughter?'"

"Yes, this is what he meant, and Patience naturally supposed—"

He stopped short; but Ruby finished the sentence for him:

"That if he paid money for mamma, she must have been a slave."

"Yes," answered Hugo, looking away out at sea.

"How could papa ever do that, Hugo?"

"He was ill, dear Ruby; languid, and he wrote playfully, so my father said, thinking he should see Aunt Patience in a few days and explain."

"What a terrible mistake!" she said, shuddering.

"Think, rather, what a merciful Providence that overruled it."

"Yes; but read, Hugo. I do not like to think of it. Is it in papa's words?"

"No; in your mamma's. She has evidently written it out in her diary in the way in which she thought it would be most vivid to you."

Ruby closed her eyes, and slipping one hand in Hugo's, listened to the narrative which he read. So we leave them to themselves, while Ruby hears the story of her mother's life.

Ruby had said to Graham at parting, "You must not come too soon;" but while her lips spoke, her eyes were bidding him "not to delay too long." "I must have weeks, months, with Aunt Patience; for all this time that I should have been a comfort to her I have been such a care. I want to stay with her now to help her nurse Uncle Dick and to prove to her that I love her, Gray."

So he came, and "not too soon" for the heart that could not help longing for him, though once more at home in Aunt Patty's arms and heart. Ruby did her best to transform the swiftly speeding time into joy for all the dwellers at the farm.

Richard steadily improved after Hugh's return, for Ruby brightened them all with her presence; but the sick man's best physician was that beautiful boy of Floy's. He was almost his constant companion, and tyrannized and tormented while he cured.

Slowly Richard regained the power to walk, but speech was so difficult he rarely attempted to talk. He drove to Church sometimes with Patience, who set him down at the Unitarian door, on her way to the little Wesleyan chapel, and the village children stared and held their breath as the tall figure crept slowly down the aisle to the old Thornton pew. Hugh had dreaded the agitation that might arise from the meeting with Marah, but her womanly pity was stirred at sight of his trying to avoid her gaze; and she shunned him at first, but one day she was sent to tie the child's hat as he played at Richard's feet on the lawn. Looking up over the boy's head, she met his eyes, and his lips moved.

"Marah," he tried to say, "I would give my life to set it right."

"Then it is right," she answered gently. "We have both suffered enough. I have promised your son to forgive. Let us both forget." He turned away his head in shame, and she said, "Once you promised to do something for me if I should ever need it."

"And I broke the promise," he muttered, with thickened utterance.

"Then keep it now. Be happy now, and let Hugh, let us all, see you glad. That will lighten the burdens for us all."

And he tried; but his frequent depression of spirits, partly due to disease, and largely to the quickened conscience and the consuming self-reproach, as he saw Hugh always at work, was one of their sorest trials.

"It can never be done," he wrote on a slip of paper one night as Hugh sat beside him; "you will die at your task of atoning for my sin, and fail. Ruby must know of it at last."

Then Hugh told him of the arrangement made with Monteith by which Richard would be able to render to Ruby on her wedding-day a satisfactory account of her entire fortune. It was hard to make him believe it. The mercy was too great. For the first time he seemed utterly broken down in a passion of sorrow and thanksgiving, and from that day his whole spirit seemed changed to one of grateful content and watchfulness to make the others glad.

It was on Saturday that the burden was lifted from his soul, and the next morning he expressed his wish to go once more to Church. He held Hugh's hand with a lingering, loving pressure as he helped him to his seat in the carriage. Silas was coachman this morning, and turned the horses naturally toward the old church door, but Richard touched him on the shoulder and shook his head, and they drove on to the chapel door. It was early, and no one was in the seat but Florence and her boy. The latter crept down close to Richard's side, and all through prayer and psalm his rosy face lay quietly against the old man's arm. A stranger, a young, dark man, with a voice of singular pathos and power, was in the preacher's desk, and before the sermon ended the child was fast asleep. The communion service followed, and before it opportunity was given for all who desired to depart.

But the boy was asleep on his shoulder. Was this the reason that Richard stayed? Group after group approached the altar and knelt—guests at the table of the Divine Host of the many mansions of heaven, whose voice, ringing down through the centuries, says, "Whosoever will may come." Richard Thorn heard it. "And let him that is athirst come," let "the weary and heavy-laden come;" and he heard again and again as he sat with closed eyes, "arise, go in peace." In peace! was it true? Then why should he not go, and come away "in peace?" It was nearly finished, and yet he waited. The last group gathered; the table was only half full. The hymn ceased; silence fell. It was too late! No, the preacher's voice broke the stillness, "Yet there is room, and whosoever will may come." The child's head slipped from his helpless arm. Slowly, slowly he rose with such a solemn, awful hush in his mien that those who watched him whispered, "Like Lazarus out of his grave." Out of a grave, indeed, where he had lain "dead in trespasses and sins," while hearts as loving as Mary's mourned that in his life had been no present God, else "would he not have died." But he too had heard the voice that said, "come forth," and dragging himself slowly forward, he knelt

and bowed his head upon the altar-rail. The people held their breath. The heart in Aunt Patience's bosom almost stopped its beating, and suddenly the little child awoke. Missing the sheltering arm, he sat up, gazed around with an aggrieved expression, caught a sight of the bowed form, and, before any one could stop him, he stepped from the seat, and went toddling down the aisle. His mother glided quietly after him, but he was there before her. He nestled his brown curls close to Richard's silver hair, and his little cheek against his shoulder just as the dumb lips parted to take the offered cup. Florence knelt and put her arms about the boy, and her black veil fell around him like a cloud. Half resisting and half frightened, the little fellow laid hold of the shining goblet with his dimpled hand, and said with a timid glance into the stranger's face, "Give mamma some, and baby too." It was a moment no one who saw it ever forgot. Upon its solemn stillness broke the words that Richard Thorn had longed to hear. They sank deep into his soul. He went away—in peace.

As the time drew near for Gray to come for Ruby, Lloyd Allan came North. Ostensibly he came to see Marah. If he had any other purpose in his visit he kept it to himself. Since he learned of the effect on Marah of the early sorrows endured in his family he had felt great desire to atone, or at least to counteract the painful results. He had a theory that under certain conditions the cloud might be lifted from her brain and this imaginary motherhood loosen its hold upon her mind. Unlike the others who seemed quite at rest concerning her, he feared trouble might yet arise from her conviction, apparently as strong as ever, that Ruby was her own, and was specially desirous that the life-long delusion should be dispelled.

Fancying he knew a means to this end, he talked much to her of her past, testing her recollection of events. He told her of her husband, Hector's, death, and of his own mother's sorrow when Marah's little daughter died, and that it had been buried in the family grounds. At mention of this she

grew suspicious and silent at once; but when he talked of her lost boy she betrayed great interest and emotion. Slowly he aroused in her a hope that he might yet be alive—a hope which quickly changed to fear when she remembered that life meant slavery to him.

During this visit it chanced that in a grove not more than ten miles from Thornton farms an annual camp-meeting was held. It was Nancy's one holiday in the year, and she went, and took the baby, and as many more of the children as, with Rachel's help, she could prepare for the trip. Rachel gave all her spare time to sewing, cooking, or whatever would most help Nancy off with the "passel of young ones," some of whom by this time had almost outgrown their jackets, though they never seemed to outgrow their feeling that, at any time, Rachel might "see fit to set 'em deown hard," and the restraining grace in the household was still, as it had always been, named, Rachel Huldry Hopkins.

Lloyd Allan wanted Marah to go to the camp-meeting; but Marah, though she knew it was the class of entertainment best enjoyed of any by her susceptible race, did not care to go. She associated the gathering with people like Tom and old Pete and Dinah, people not of her own sort at all.

"Better go, Marah," Lloyd said to her, as the high wagon, driven by one of Nancy's boys, that was to take Rachel over, came up to the door.

"I 'se a gwine," said Tom, grinning; "but I'll ride behind if Misse Marah 'll go."

"You'll ride behind, any way, and ef I durst ter stand in the Lord's app'inted way of gittin' savin' grace into yer, ye would n't go at all," snapped Rachel; "but I want Marah to go or not, jes' as she'd ruther."

Tom looked grieved. Lloyd was there; or he might have labored to prove to Rachel that she did not appreciate his many virtues.

"Fetch along that bag o' doughnuts, Tom. Giv' 'em here; ef you are goin' ter ride behind, them's goin' in front. You can jest set still and carry this jug o' milk between yer knees," and Tom accepted the jug with an expression of mingled disgust and grief.

VOL. V.—22

It was hard, but he would have carried it on his head rather than stay at home.

Marah was at last persuaded, and they made a funny group as they drove out at the gate,—Marah upright with great dignity of mien, the freckled boy sandwiched between her and Rachel, piled to the chin with bundles for "Silas's folks." Willing to bake and to fry all the morning and ride ten miles in the sun at noon, with arms so full she could not carry her "umberill," for the bare chance of one of the "Stubbses" being converted, she had no idea of being irreverent when she told Marah as they rode along that "ef the camp-meeting kept the Lord as busy feedin' Silas's folks' souls as it kept her to feed their 'budies,' he must be 'most beat out by time 't was over."

Tom had the best of the ride, for he dangled his feet in air, and extracted doughnuts from behind Miss Rachel's heels, and sucked the milk through a straw. Silas's boy felt the bag go and saw Tom making a milky way of his throat, and, though he thought it would be mean to tell, his heart was nearly broken. No wonder Rachel wanted Tom converted. Yet Tom, perhaps, as much as any one in the household, gave signs of having "met with a change." He was really faithful to Richard, and really loved "Marse Hugh." The gift of that pistol did more than any thing else to make a man of him. He seemed to feel that it made him the protector of the family. His good spot (every body has one) had been touched by accident, and though he continued to be a means of grace to Rachel, the pistol, and perhaps the frequent presence of Lloyd Allan, had certainly proved a means of grace to him.

The assemblage at Carmel Grove was a large one; the services were already begun; the sound of singing came out to meet them on the clear Summer air.

Young Silas tied his horse in the shade beyond the inclosure, with many a wrathful glance at Tom, already humming to himself, "O golly hallelujah, I 'se bound for de kingdom kum." Catching the boy's eye, he said, with a grin:

"Tote dem nut-cakes and dat brown jug

up t' yer mudder's tent for yer. Want me to? Jug ain't quite so heaby as 't was, and mebbe de innocent baby's waitin' for de milk."

"You let it alone, you mean old nigger. I'll carry it up myself. 'Fore I'd steal from a baby!" and he made an angry dive at Tom, who was taking a farewell peep into the bag.

Tom's look became one of injured innocence, as the quick tramp of hoofs brought two riders, Rubetta and Lloyd Allan, in sight. Ruby had lost none of her liking for a gallop, and when Lloyd had proposed a ride over to the camp-ground had been ready without delay.

He told her on the way that the attraction of the day was a young preacher, born in the South and educated in Canada, a man whose work was said to be most effective, especially among the poorer classes, whose sorrows and sins he seemed to have wondrous power to help.

"I know all about him," said Lloyd. "I have followed the course of his education. He would, in my judgment, be a good person to help Graham, though he thinks he has been training for a special work at home."

"What work?" asked Rubetta, as they threaded the crowd and secured a place near the stand.

"He thinks the day is coming when the country must free her slaves, that the crisis is even now approaching, and to the elevation of the downtrodden race he is anxious to devote his life. His sympathies are entirely with them, and I felt Marah might find an interest in his words."

"I hope she may," whispered Ruby. "I want her to be diverted if possible from her one thought. It is terrible to feel a whole life has been given up to one as hers has been to me. I can never make it up to her. I am glad to know of this young man's work, for I hope in the future to make it up to her race."

At this moment, the singing, which had been rising and falling, blending with the wind among the trees, ceased, and the sermon began, and Rachel immediately recognized, in the man who stood before them, the

stranger who had bidden Richard "go in peace."

He was a young man with a finely shaped head, covered with close curls of shining black hair. The face was full of nervous energy. The eyes wore an expression of sadness, and the refined face could not but interest; but the voice was the true interpreter of his heart to the people. Rich and tender and sympathetic, it carried his feeling like music to the hearts he would reach.

The terrible blight and anguish which sin makes in the lives of men, the burden of the "whole world travailing in pain," seemed to be the reality to him that it was to his Master. And as he talked the listeners felt its reality too. And by the time he came to the remedy, he had made them feel they needed a way of escape.

It was not a congregation like those which Lloyd was accustomed to see on similar occasions, susceptible and tender, swayed by every breath of emotion as grain before the wind; but hard-handed and often hard-souled men and hard-worked women, whose faces showed traces of years of fighting to wrest a livelihood from an unfriendly soil. Yet many a tear stood in the eyes of men who would have been ashamed to let them fall—men who called it "hard luck" when their wives or their babies died, and women who were shrewd and silent by nature and sad by the teaching of pain.

But after a time the preacher's words and manner changed. When the bruised reeds bent low, and even the hardest faces were bowed, he began to tell them of One who could lift up. When they were broken, he showed them One who could heal; when they felt their poverty, he showed waiting riches in the Father's open hand. Over against their mountains of sin shone divine forgiveness, over against their weakness the divine strength, over against their hardness the infinite tenderness of Christ. And when he spoke of that tenderness, they felt his own heart glow with it like an altar ablaze with a fire that not only warmed but lighted their souls.

When it was over, and the solemn hush of silent prayer fell on the crowd, and while

they waited some one touched Ruby's hand. She looked up. There stood Marah, a smile on her face, an expression of radiant triumph in her eyes.

During the preaching Lloyd had been watching her as she sat by Rachel, who gave herself up to the influence of the sermon, and groaned and sighed like a pair of bellows, forgetful of every thing but that this might be the "Stubbses' last day of grace." She had always felt herself in a measure responsible for the progeny of Silas and Nancy, and said she "never should be easy in her mind so long as any one on 'em was out o' the ark."

Lloyd feared the effect of any sudden excitement upon Marah, who had risen to her feet as soon as the preacher stood before them, with a look of joyful wonder upon her face. She flushed and grew restless, as if she must go forward.

But when he began to speak she bent her head and listened. Like the soft ripple of running water, like some low familiar strain of music, it seemed to soothe her, and while it lasted she hardly moved. She was like one in a pleasant trance. Now, without any excitement, she said:

"Rubetta, come with me. He is done for this time with the words of God. He will be ready now to see his mother."

Ruby started, but Lloyd smiled.

"She is right," he said. "That is her lost boy, her little Hector."

"Yes, I know him," Marah answered calmly. "God has been very good to give back both my children. Let us go to him now."

"Wait here," said Lloyd, "and I will bring him."

Ruby watched, fearing Marah would faint; but she did not. She only waited as calmly as a mother already within the gates of heaven might to see her children come. A quick, warm recognition of Lloyd, a few whispered words in the preacher's ear, a glance toward Marah, a pale, quivering face down through the crowd, and tearful eyes looking into her own, and Marah knew nothing more. They cared for her tenderly, and when, restored to consciousness, she rode back to the farm in

the twilight the preacher was by her side. And whatever she may have been through all the years of her troubled past she was never childless more.

If la Sorella Bernardina had had her way there would have been a wedding in the Rubetti chapel of the convent.

If the Herr Professor had had his way there would have been a wedding at Perugin, with a grand festa of artists from all the world.

If Lady Monteith had had her way there would have been a wedding in London—a cathedral wedding; not even St. George's in Hanover Square would have served for the nuptials of her only son.

And when Graham came for Ruby he hoped to take her back to London, and to take all who loved her best back to London to see her wed; but Aunt Patience would not leave Richard, and for once Aunt Patience had her way.

So no stately ceremony delighted the London world of rank and fashion with its brilliant spectacle, but they were wed out under the maple trees on the lawn, when the apple boughs in the neighboring orchard were rosy or golden with fruit, and the men in the fields not far away were binding the sheaves of grain. There were Richard in his own arm-chair, with Floy's boy by his side, and Aunt Patience, gentle and grave, and trying for the moment to forget that Ruby was going away. There, gorgeous in Parisian costume, quite *la grande dame de l'occasion*, was Mrs. Richard Thorn. Nancy and Silas and the children, literally "too numerous to mention," were not far away, and Rachel, radiant in a new false front and cap and a "brand-new set of front teeth," over which, she said, her "smile did n't seem to fit," bustled about, apparently very busy, but really too much excited to be still.

The only spectators were a group of village children on their way from school, rosy cheeked, like the apples, barefooted boys with flaxen hair breaking through the holes in their palm-leaf hats, future "presidents of the Great Republic" in checked cotton trousers held by one twisted suspender over

blue calico shirts. And there were little maidens in Shaker bonnets carrying little tin pails for lunch baskets in their sunburned hands. These hung over the wall or climbed upon it, and stared in wonder and delight. And these were all the guests besides the squirrels and the birds at the marriage of Lord Monteith.

It was only a step from the porch to the maple trees, the same where Hugh lay in his boyhood, and read Bunyan, in the sunset. There had been no attempt at arrangement, they seemed to come out into the sunshine all together. Yet, when they reached the maple tree that hung one great crimson branch, a banner of ruby flame, over their heads, Aunt Patience was on Graham's arm and Mrs. Thorn on Lloyd Allan's; and after these came Hugh with Ruby, far too beautiful for only the birds to see, at one side, and on the other, Floy. Her black dress had been changed for white, and something in her face, a nameless something, hard and cold, had been changed for something else, nameless too, but tender and subdued and sweet. By the group, near Richard's armchair, stood Marah and her son, and when all was ready the voice that so often "warned the sinners and cheered the saints," read twice the marriage service that bound Lloyd Allan to Florence Field, and Graham Monteith to Rubetta Thorn.

Richard gave Floy away, but when it came to Ruby, it was Hugh's hand that gave her to the keeping of his friend. When he stepped back it was to Aunt Patience's side. Over them hung that burning maple

bough, glowing with passionate color. Their eyes met. They belonged to each other now. They would move on together to the time of the falling leaf.

It was not till years after the grass was green on the grave of Richard Thorn that the task his son had set was done. If penitence for the past is proved by a patient bearing of penalties, then that of Richard was real. Hugh thought it real, else would he not have marked the stone in Thornton churchyard with the two words "In peace."

When her husband was gone, Clara went to make her home for a time with Floy, hoping in the Summer climate to recover from the nursing to which she had given her life, and Patience went over the sea to the daughter of her heart. But often and often she came back again to share the home of Hugh, for Hugh had made a home of his own, a refuge from busy work.

Into this home the noblest spirits of his generation come; out of it he had gone up in the hour of the nation's need to one of her high places of trust; and to it he came back again, with lips unsullied and a hand unstained. In its library, literature, art, and science are at home. Over its kitchen Rachel presides. From its shelter Patience Thorn watched the deadly conflict Hector had foreseen—and when the strife was over, by its fireside Patience grasped the hand that signed the proclamation of freedom for the slave, still "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ."

SONGS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

O Songs of the Olden Time!
As your free tones through me quiver,
I pant with the bounding chime
Of my heart's own billowy river;
But I soon sink breathlessly
Into slumber calm and deep,
As a skiff on a halcyon sea
Is rocked by the wave to sleep.

O Songs of the Olden time!
Ye bring me memory's chalice,
Of mirth, and of mirthful rhyme,
And of freaks of friendly malice;
And I dream some power has given
An Eden of joy in the air,—
A half-way house to heaven,
And that I and my love are there.

ROGER BACON.

IN these latter days there has been developed a peculiar form of conceit, which attaches itself not to individuals nor to communities or nations, but to a century. To the nineteenth century there has been granted almost by common consent a patent of nobility, the pride of which belongs to all who have the merit of coming into the world at this particular time. So far has this been carried that, as with the titles, "duke," or foremost man; "count," or companion; "knight," or servingman; the humble prose of the original significance is forgotten, and a mere ordinal numeral swells into a pompous claim to unreasoning homage. Thus we have heard of an orator who, in a critical mood bewailing certain abuses, exclaimed with bitter irony, "and these things are done in the *so-called* nineteenth century!" Just so we might speak of a "*so-called* nobleman" who had disgraced his rank. Now when the arrogance of mere chronological position goes to such lengths, it is well for us to be reminded that there are some transcendent virtues which found a more congenial clime in less favored days; and the lesson is all the more salutary when accompanied by the discovery that almost all the achievements of our boasted knowledge and power were anticipated in the despised dark ages.

This is the lesson taught by the story of Roger Bacon. His life of about seventy years is, as regards almost all details, clouded over now by the forgetfulness that buries almost every departed soul too great to be commensurable with contemporary thought. But we know enough to be sure that it was a long, slow tragedy, a heroic resolve impossible of achievement, a patient waiting for a hope that never came. And both resolve and hope were maintained with a meek and unostentatious courage such as comes only from forgetfulness of self in a divine purpose. In these times a youth of Roger Bacon's genius—if, for a moment, we may imagine such a miracle repeated—would almost certainly look around him for the best market. And

if he had the advantages of social position that were not wanting in Bacon's case, there would probably be a keen competition for the honor of introducing him to life. Exhibitions, honors, wranglerships, fellowships, would invite his acceptance. And friends in high position, proud to be consulted, would carefully weigh the openings and the advantages promised by the Church, the bar, the laboratory, or the professor's chair. All this is very pleasant to modern genius. But it may be doubted how far it is conducive to the disinterested devotion without which genius lacks the inspiration of character. Very different was the outset of Roger Bacon's career. He was born about the year 1214, in Somersetshire; the precise spot unknown. His family had a good social position; and one of them, probably his uncle, ranked high in the world of intellect. This was Robert Bacon, commonly called Big-head (*Grosse-tête*); a name that is suggestive. Where the boy received his elementary education we do not know. But he entered Merton College, Oxford, at any early age, most probably under the patronage of his relative, who held a high position in the university. Of prizes won, of honors attained, we hear nothing. If there were any class lists in those days there were no newspapers to publish them, and no public to appreciate them. But silence is very eloquent if there be only some bright scintillations of fact to give it a meaning. And knowing what the man was from the mighty works left behind him, we find it most pathetic to think that long years after these boyish studies, when he was approaching forty years of age, he was still casting about for some recognized position.

Meantime he had spent some years at the Paris University, but whether as a simple student or as a professor is unknown. He is said to have attained great popularity among the students of the time by the acuteness of his observations and the boldness of his ideas. But neither his acuteness nor his

boldness was of the type required for the only lucrative callings of the time, the Church and the army. The acuteness desired by the Church of that day was a quality available for ecclesiastical intrigues and metaphysical logomachies. But Bacon's was principally shown in his quick perception of the bearing of natural facts. The boldness most needed was shown in brutal violence. But Bacon's was shown in unmasking false authorities. And so it came to pass that at an age nearer forty than thirty, he had no permanent calling, and no recognized place in the world. But this defect arose from no impracticability, nor from any want of fixity of purpose. It resulted simply from the novelty of aims incomprehensible to his time. The long years of waiting were not wasted. He was an earnest student all the while. He read not only the narrow library of established authorities, but all accessible books, whether from Greek, Hebrew, or Arabic sources. For such an extensive range of study he had peculiar advantages, if at least we are right, as seems probable, in identifying Robert Grosse-tête with Robert Bacon. This Robert was a great collector of books, and was among the first of Western scholars to appreciate the treasures of learning yet locked up in Greek and Saracen libraries. The new world to which Roger was thus introduced showed a diversity of opinion and independence of judgment very different from the stereotyped uniformity that had for centuries paralyzed both science and literature in the West; and it was, perhaps, the very discord of the ancients which drove him to insist upon the pre-eminent importance of experience and of fact. In the assertion of this principle he anticipated by three centuries his great namesake, Lord Bacon; and certainly he made a much better use of it himself. His powers of observation and experiment were greatly enlarged by his mathematical attainments. Indeed, he was, if not the very first, at least the first known to fame, who appreciated the essential importance of mathematical methods to physical research.

Such was the man who, at nearly forty years of age, was yet neither soldier nor

priest, lawyer nor courtier, without any standing in the world or, so far as we know, any official position in the university. But he had already set his heart, not so much on an ambition as an aspiration, compared with which the highest worldly hopes were poor. He wanted to see knowledge emancipated from false authorities, and the progress of discovery freed from the blockade of prejudice. When we say this was an aspiration rather than an ambition, we mean his devotion to this purpose was so intense that he does not seem to have considered what he himself was to gain by it. That he anticipated the actual result—suspicion, misrepresentation, persecution, life-long suffering, and posthumous shame—we do not suppose. He calculated neither what he should gain nor what he should lose. He thought only of the glory of God's works, of men's petty misconceptions, and of the larger life that would be given to mankind if those works were better understood. One proof that his life was animated by aspiration rather than ambition is the humility with which his own achievements were subordinated to those of others. It is a remarkable thing that in his writings he makes little or no reference to contemporary names that became famous. The men that kindled his enthusiasm are almost entirely unknown, except through his mention of them. But on that very account his references to them are all the more touching. For instance, there was a certain "Master Peter," probably identified with the author of an obscure treatise on the magnet, of whom he speaks in terms that make us wish we knew more about the man. "He is," says Bacon, "the only man capable of hastening on the advance of knowledge. He hides himself in his retirement. He will have neither pupils nor admirers. But he is the one man of this age who has realized how essential it is to study nature by experience and observation. His mechanical inventions, his discoveries in physics, in chemistry, in metallurgy, have put him in possession of several wonderful secrets. On the day when he pleases to divulge them he will be overwhelmed with honors and wealth." These are remarkable words in more respects than

one, and especially so for the innocent ignorance of the world they show in a man who, at the time of writing, must have been past middle life. Alas! he found that it is not so easy to make the world understand great discoveries; and from a worldly point of view "Master Peter" was probably a wiser man. But, after all, what strikes us most in the passage is its humility, and the grand unconsciousness of genius. His heart was set on the emancipation of knowledge. But he was only a lowly helper of others greater than himself.

And how was even this humble mission to be discharged? There was no public opinion to appeal to—at least as we understand the phrase in these times. Official position, or the protection of great persons, or the power of corporations—such were the conditions one or other of which must be secured, in order to give an individual voice any chance of being heard. Now Bacon had not taken the right course to secure any official position. Offices did not seek out any unworldly students then; and they very rarely do so now. Kings, popes, and bishops, though occasionally disposed to amuse their moments of leisure with the patronage of learning, had little time for such relaxation in the rough-and-tumble life of that age. There remained only the shadow of a great corporation. It is difficult to understand why Roger delayed so long his choice of this; and still more difficult to conceive why, after so long a delay, he made so bad a choice, and thereby destroyed every chance of happiness or peace in pursuit of his vocation. As to the first point, it is possible that the friends of his early days—notably Robert Bacon and Edmond Rich, who became Archbishop of Canterbury—were a sufficient protection, until, as is the habit of friends, they dropped away by death or change of circumstance. But why, when he found it necessary to enter a religious order, he should have made choice of the Franciscans is a question far more difficult to answer. The Benedictines are justly celebrated for their services to literature. The Dominicans were not averse to study; but the Franciscans imposed a severe rule, according to which poverty,

formal prayer, fasting, and manual labor, comprehended the whole duty of man. It is not impossible that their professions of purity attracted Bacon's unworldly mind; but he found that their ideas on this subject were very different from that of the apostle, who said, "To the pure all things are pure." The purity they professed sprang not from self-forgetful faith, but from the arbitrary exclusiveness of spiritual pride, and it was, therefore, a natural ally of injustice, intolerance, and bigotry.

For a short time Bacon pursued his studies in peace. He was even allowed to occupy a tower detached from the monastery at Oxford, and convenient for the purposes of an observatory. He communicated his enthusiasm to a few of the younger brethren, and employed them in preparing tables that were needed for his calculations. But, as was natural in a society of narrow minds, this association excited jealousy; and complaints of Bacon's frivolous pursuits were made to the superiors of the order. The General of the Franciscans was at that time Giovanni Fidenza, better known as Saint Buonaventura, a man whose mystic piety commands respect. But at a distance, and incapacitated as he was, both by nature and habit, for understanding Bacon's object, he could hardly be expected to detect the malice of the misrepresentation made to him. Accordingly he passed upon the poor student a sentence of banishment and imprisonment. He ordered his removal to a monastery in Paris, where the conditions of his confinement were such that the loss of sympathizing friends could not be compensated by access to the university, where he was already known. He felt very bitterly the deprivation of all the instruments and materials for research that he had gathered around him in his Oxford retreat, and even worse was the parting from pupils whom he had inspired. One of these, Thomas Byngey, had made such progress in mathematics as to be of great service to him. But the closer the friendship, the more anxious was misguided authority to sever it. "He must live shut out from the world," said the fatal order of the general, "separated from all his friends,

imprisoned in a cloister. He has a brother who, like himself, is a man of science; he has disciples who wait upon his instructions; he can do them no good. For him, his lot must be confinement on bread and water and the confiscation of any manuscript that he may try to smuggle away." Hardly a more dismal fate can be imagined for an enthusiast with the aspirations of Roger Bacon. But, happily, it was not very long before a sudden ray of startling hope brightened the deadly gloom.

Amongst the ambitious ecclesiastics of the time was one Guido Fulcodi, whose life up to middle age had been divided between the intrigues of courts and the adventures of war. His highest secular advancement was the post of secretary to Louis IX of France. He seems, however, to have envied the more brilliant rewards offered to ambition by an ecclesiastical career; and when the death of his wife removed the only obstacle to his entering the Church he took orders. Being a man of promising abilities, as well as backed by enormous influence, he was rapidly promoted, and soon became a person of European consideration. He seems to have been a man of liberal views and to have already been attracted by the solemn dawn of a grander light appearing on the horizon of the dark ages. While Bacon was still surveying the heavens from his tower in Oxford, this powerful ecclesiastic heard strange stories of his mysterious skill, and he desired to make his acquaintance. It was impossible, however, that the two men should be brought into personal contact, and the only result was a correspondence, in which Fulcodi expressed a wish that Bacon should embody the substance of his observations and discoveries in a book. But before this could be done the poor monk was a close prisoner in Paris, deprived not only of instruments of observation, but even of the means of writing. To do Fulcodi justice, he did not forget his poor correspondent. He wrote to him some words of consolation and encouragement, which, however, were never delivered; and Bacon, in the bitterness of his heart, felt as though he were forsaken both by God and man. What, then,

must have been the revulsion of hope within him when the news was first whispered at the door of his cell that Guido Fulcodi had become the Pope Clement IV! True, it appeared as though his exalted friend had ceased to think of him; but then he might have been prevented by many difficulties which would disappear before the omnipotence of a Pope. Bacon therefore wrote, with what tremblings of heart we may easily imagine, a congratulatory epistle, in which he ventured to remind the pontiff of their previous correspondence. A year passed away without any reply. But in those times men were accustomed to sleep and rise oftener between the dispatch of a letter and the arrival of the answer than between the sowing of the seed and the reaping of the harvest. In the second year the answer came—an answer that surpassed all expectations. Heartily recognizing their past relations, the Pope ordered Bacon, on his allegiance, notwithstanding any prohibition by lower authority, to write the work that had formerly been desired, and to send it to Rome. "We desire in addition," said the missive, "that you should explain in your letters what are your ideas of the remedies we ought to apply to an evil" (meaning the blockade of knowledge) "in your opinion so dangerous."

Unfortunately the Pope had forgotten two almost essential conditions of Bacon's obedience. The one was an official and authoritative order such as the superiors of the convent could not have disobeyed; and the other was a supply of money for inevitable expenses. In consequence of his neglect on the first point, Bacon was subjected to still severer restrictions, of which he complained in vain. There was in the monastery a young friar whose mind had been awakened to sympathy with his pursuits, and whom he hoped to make his messenger to Rome. But such was the jealousy of the superiors that the two men were obliged to resort to the secrecy of conspirators, and held their interviews in momentary dread of interruption and punishment. Again, through want of funds for instruments, books, and assistance, the work was long delayed. At last,

by almost abject mendicancy, some sixty pounds sterling were scraped together. Bacon set himself to work in earnest. His principal book, the "*Opus Majus*," consisting of four hundred and seventy-seven folio pages, was written in less than a year. It was dispatched by the hands of the trusty friend who had been prepared for the work, and whose mission the superiors dared no longer prohibit. A supplementary work, the "*Opus Minus*," was immediately added, and a third manuscript was then commenced. There is no reason to doubt that the Pope highly appreciated the works of the imprisoned monk. But even *his* powers were not unlimited, and it was only after a considerable length of time that he thought it safe to send formal orders for the philosopher's release. We may imagine the joy with which Bacon hastened back to his beloved Oxford and his tower of observation. But, alas! within a year Clement IV died, and after an interregnum Gregory X ascended the pontifical throne. Once more bigotry was triumphant. Bacon became the object of popular suspicion on account of alleged sorceries and magic. He was torn away once more from his studies, and imprisoned for several years. It is uncertain even whether he was at liberty at the period of his death. He was released from his second imprisonment by the order of a more liberal superior, but what became of him afterwards is not recorded, nor yet the place of his burial.

In the seventeenth century the "*Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*" was a very popular little book, which passed through many editions. We sit in the British Museum library, and amidst the ten thousand thousand potential voices of the past, ranged around us on the shelves, we listen to this one alone. And listening to it, we sink back amidst the inconsequent fairy tales, the self-confident bigotries, the dark superstitions, that course with fitful light and shadow over an heroic age. We fancy ourselves by the fireside of some lonely farm, where, in the Winter evening, the one scholar of the circle stumbles as best he can through

the amusing story of "*Fryer Bacon*." We hear how, for the entertainment of the king, "*the Fryer*" waved his hand, and there appeared tables covered with the most costly luxuries; how, at his beck, mysterious music ravished all ears; how, at another sign, perfumes, as of the Garden of Eden, filled the air. We hear how this same wonder-working "*Fryer*" went to the aid of the King of France in an apparently hopeless siege, and by means of a mysterious instrument set the city in a flame. We hear how he boasted that he could make great ships to move across the sea without a single sail exposed to the wind, and needing only one man to steer them; how he declared that "*chariots might be made to move with an unspeakable force without any living creature to stir them*." And we smile to think how the roguish monk deceived the simple ones of old by his pretended magic, unless, indeed, he really bewitched them by the arts of the devil. Such was the Roger Bacon of popular fancy; such, indeed, the only Roger Bacon known to the world for nearly five hundred years after his unhonored death.

But what is this other great volume beside us, speaking in a deeper tone and from a farther past? It is the soul utterance of the man himself, and by it, he being dead, yet speaketh. Listen to him. "*There are four chief hinderances*," he says, "*in the way of the comprehension of truth; hinderances which hamper even every wise man, and scarcely allow any one to attain a true title to wisdom, namely: the standard of a weak and unworthy authority; the persistency of custom; the untrained senses of the common herd; and the disguising of our proper ignorance by the display of a pretentious knowledge*." And this last cause, he says, is the worst of all. "*For there is no man so skilled in the nature of things that he could undertake to speak with confidence concerning all the truths that are involved in the constitution and the powers of a single fly. He could not tell what are the true causes of its colors, nor why it has so many legs, no more and no less; nor could he give any theory of its various parts*." Let this grand humility, this far-seeing prophetic insight

into the approaching kingdom of truth, be contrasted with the buffoonery of the stories that for half a millennium were the only recollections retained by the world of one of its supremely greatest men. And if the reflections suggested have a tinge of bitterness, that bitterness is lost in the confirmation of our faith that no great soul does ever really strive or suffer in vain. It is said that on his death-bed Bacon exclaimed,

in the anguish of his apparently lost labors, "I do repent me of having taken so much trouble for the progress of knowledge and of mankind." Let us not judge harshly these words of frail mortality. From the depth of a still diviner tragedy there issued once the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yet this cry was the prelude to the resurrection. And so is it forever.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

[THE following "recollections" were prepared at the special request of the Editor, by one whom he knew to have been familiar with its venerated subject in private life. Though only confirming the opinion universally entertained of Mr. Bryant's character and modes of life and of conversation, it will, nevertheless, be read with satisfaction.—EDITOR.]

YOU request me to commit to paper some personal recollections of the late William Cullen Bryant. A somewhat intimate acquaintance, reaching back over forty years, will, of course, furnish not a few recollections; but I do not think that committing them to paper will add any thing to the knowledge of his character already possessed by the public. Still it will be a pleasure for me to comply with your request. I will state a few incidents and impressions as they occur to me, without much regard to either philosophical or chronological order.

A MEMORABLE EVENING.

One evening I called on him with a lad who had read a great deal for one of his years, and who was passing from an admiration of Longfellow to a like sentiment toward Bryant. In the course of conversation the lad ventured to ask Mr. Bryant's opinion of Matthew Arnold. The answer to his question was given in a manner adapted to encourage further questioning. The result was that several hours were spent in conversation, catechising, and discussions respecting some of the English poets. When we took our leave, the lad remarked that it was a memorable evening. I have no doubt that it did more for his education

than a score of college lectures would have done. Mr. Bryant, in each case, pointed out the excellences of the poet named, and did not seem disposed to dwell on defects unless they were defects relating to morals. He did not deny that Byron, Shelley and other irreligious writers possessed genius, but he desired to have no communion with them. He spoke with admiration and reverence of Wordsworth, and mentioned the courteous and kindly manner in which he was received by him when he visited the Lake country. He quoted several passages from Wordsworth, but only such as were perspicuous. He did the same in regard to Tennyson, whose genius he did not underrate. Some of their poems he regarded as defective on account of obscurity. He was willing to dwell on a poem in order to receive its full impression; but he was not willing to study it in order to discover its meaning. His views in regard to a portion of modern poetry are expressed in the following words of Edward Everett: "I particularly enjoy Mr. Bryant's poetry because I can understand it. It is probably a sign that I am somewhat behind the age, that I have but little relish for elaborate obscurity in literature, of which you find it difficult to study out the meaning, and are not sure that you have hit

upon it at last. This is too much the character of much of the popular poetry of the modern English school."

The young questioner had at an early age been taught by his mother some of the hymns of Dr. Watts. He wished to know whether his admiration of them was owing to association or to poetic merit. Mr. Bryant expressed a high opinion of Watts's poetic genius, and quoted and commented upon a number of passages. I subsequently met with a short article written, I believe, for a paper issued by ladies who were conducting a fair for a benevolent purpose. The article contained the substance of his remarks on the memorable evening. "I have liked Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns," said Mr. Bryant, "ever since the time when, scarcely three years old, I was made to repeat, with his book in my hand, and with such gestures as were prescribed to me, the psalm beginning with the words:

'Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing.'

"The critics generally have shown but stinted favor to Dr. Watts's devotional poetry. Dr. Johnson pronounced it unsatisfactory, though he admits that he 'has done better than any body else, what nobody has done well.' I maintain for my part that Dr. Watts has done admirably well what he undertook to do, and the proof, if I wanted any other than the pleasure with which I always read him, I find in the strong hold which his devotional verses have taken on the hearts of men in all conditions of life, and, I think, all varieties of religious belief. No compilation of hymns for the public worship of any denomination is ever made without borrowing largely from Dr. Watts. He has been in his grave for considerably more than a century, yet have his psalms and hymns lost none of the favor which they had when they were first used by religious assemblies, and, I believe, are even now in greater esteem than ever, notwithstanding that such poets as Doddridge, Cowper, Charles Wesley, and Heber have written devotional verses of very great merit since his time.

"The secret of his popularity lies, as it

seems to me, in the union of strong feeling with great poetic merit. In what he wrote there are occasionally transgressions against good taste, as in the versification of Solomon's Song. There are also some slovenly lines and even stanzas; but there is always great fervor and profound devotion. No poet has ever expressed religious emotions with greater appropriateness. He faints and languishes for the Divine presence, he deplores the waywardness of the human heart, he exults in the Divine favor, he is awed by the Divine majesty, he looks with transport on the works of the Divine hand, he dwells with delight on the vision of a better life beyond the grave; and all these moods of mind find full expression in his verse. Many of his hymns seem to have been dashed off in the excitement of the moment, as if the feeling which had taken possession of him could not be satisfied without expressing itself in poetic forms. His versions of the Hebrew psalms are as remarkable for this as the compositions which he called hymns. He seems to have first filled his mind with the imagery of the ancient bard, and, catching inspiration from him, flung his thought upon the page in a form suited to the more mild and perfect dispensation of Christianity. Some of Dr. Watts's devotional verses show that he possessed imagination in a high degree. What a beautiful picture, for example, is set before us in the hymn beginning

'There is a land of pure delight!'

"In this hymn we have the green fields of immortal life with their unwithering flowers lying in perpetual light; the narrow river of death, dividing it from the present state of being, and a timorous crowd of mortals on the hither bank shivering and shuddering at the thought of passing through those cold waters. I once heard a distinguished literary gentleman instance the following couplet from one of Watts's hymns, as conveying to the mind images which could only occur to a poet of no common genius:

'Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer.'

"I was able to match them, or nearly so,

with a stanza from his version of the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm:

'No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.'

"How pathetic is this expostulation in the one hundred and second Psalm:

'Spare us, O Lord! aloud we pray;
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?'

"How magnificently is the one hundredth Psalm versified, closing with this grand stanza:

'We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.'

Of Pope Mr. Bryant expressed, somewhat to my surprise, a high opinion both as a poet and versifier. Of Carlyle he remarked that he had done a great deal of good. "He has done some damage to the English language, from which it will soon recover." Of Macaulay he said, "He has genius; but I am not an enthusiastic admirer of him." I think his want of admiration was owing to a want of confidence in the soundness, or rather the honesty, of Macaulay's literary judgments. He thought he would sacrifice truth to sarcasm.

AS A GUEST.

As a guest Mr. Bryant was not one to be entertained. Without effort, with perfect unconsciousness, he put every member of the household at ease. It is impossible to conceive of greater freedom from constraint than his presence occasioned. His conversation was always simple, natural, and interesting; for he never spoke unless he had something to say. He was not always disposed to talk. He seemed to think with Buckminster, that no friends are really intimate till they can, at times, enjoy each other's society in silence. He never introduced a topic unsuited to the mental condition of those present. He never, by word or act, gave any indication that he was conscious of being a person of distinction. Increased intimacy with him only gave a

deeper impression of his genuine modesty. But his modesty was not diffidence, for he had a just estimate of his powers.

WITH PLAIN PEOPLE.

When in the country he was at times fond of conversing with what Mr. Lincoln called plain people. When so doing there was nothing of condescension in his manner. He once remarked: "People do not like to be condescended to." When he conversed with a servant or a laborer his manner was just as natural as when he conversed with a friend. I was once riding with him among the mountains of Berkshire. He questioned the driver respecting some of the forest trees which grew beside the road, and pointed out to him several species of willow that he had not noticed. "It is strange," said the driver, "that you should see more than I have seen, though I have been along this road almost every day in the year." He replied, good humoredly, "Perhaps you have not looked as sharp as you do when collecting your fare." "That's so," said the driver, and then a very pleasant chat took place between them. When we returned to the hotel the driver asked me who that nice gentleman was. I told him that it was Mr. Bryant, the poet; but apparently my answer conveyed to him about as much meaning as it would have conveyed had I said it was Mr. Smith. He remarked, "He is a fellow that knows a good deal about woods." Mr. Bryant was amused and pleased with the compliment, as he termed it, when it was repeated to him.

A WEEK IN BERKSHIRE.

It was June, his favorite month. The weather was fine. Each day was spent on the hills or in the valleys. While passing from point to point he conversed freely; but while viewing the scenery he rarely spoke unless to direct my attention to some object of peculiar interest. The week was, to me, a series of lessons in the art of perceiving beauty. At the close of the week, he was pleased to say that he had never passed a more peaceful one. He manifested a pleasant interest in the domestic worship of the family, and subsequently alluded to

it in a letter as a source of spiritual profit. His life during that week was a beautiful poem. May not the remark be made with reference to his whole life?

THANATOPSIS.

I once asked him how early he began to write poetry. He said he began to write verses when he was very young, and that some of them were published when he was a mere boy. I intimated that I had a desire to see some of those verses, but he did not seem to have the slightest disposition to be accessory to the gratification of that desire, nor did he deem it necessary to make any apology for his indifference to my wishes. He said he began to write poetry at the age of seventeen, I think it was; perhaps it was nineteen, when he wrote *Thanatopsis*. That poem, he said, was published without his knowledge. He was proceeding to state the circumstances of its publication when he was interrupted by a visitor, and the conversation was not renewed. Rev. Mr. Water-ton has furnished us with some interesting information on the subject. He gained his information from Mr. Dana. Mr. Bryant's father, Dr. Peter Bryant, of Cummington, Massachusetts, sent, without the knowledge of his son, *Thanatopsis* and *Lines to a Water-fowl*, to the editors of the "North American Review." They were placed by the senior editor in Mr. Dana's hands. He expressed the opinion that the poems were not written by an American, because he did not know of any American who could have written them. He was told that the name of the author was Bryant, that he was a member of the Legislature then in session. Mr. Dana, who resided in Cambridge, went at once to the State House in Boston, and had Bryant, the member from Cummington pointed out to him. He looked at him and said, "That is a good head, but I do not see *Thanatopsis* there." Mr. Dana and the author of *Thanatopsis* subsequently met and became very intimate friends. I have heard Mr. Bryant refer to Dana oftener than to any other American author. He had a high estimate of Dana's genius, though it was not of the kind to be appreciated by the many.

HABITS OF COMPOSITION.

I once asked him if he had paid special attention to the art of expression. He said he had; that he had always been in the habit when he met with a beautiful expression of transcribing it or of committing it to memory. The examples thus collected were used only to make his mind familiar with beautiful forms of words. He never borrowed a form of expression. Throughout his works no one can find a form of expression that has the appearance of having been suggested by a form of another writer. He sought first the thought, and then fashioned the expression to conform to it.

Some years since Professor C. M. Dodd, of Williams College, showed me a manuscript copy of one of Mr. Bryant's poems, which he had received from the author. It revealed the process by which a poem was constructed—the different stages of its growth. The poem was "The Tides," and there were five copies, written on five separate pieces of paper. In each successive copy there were changes in every stanza except the first one. That seems to have assumed a form satisfactory to the author before he committed it to paper. It appeared in each copy in the same form in which it was printed. Every other stanza received many changes. Sometimes a form of expression appeared in one copy and was discarded in the next copy, and restored in the third; and many of the stanzas were written over more than five times—the last one seventeen times before it was allowed to stand as it was printed. Mr. Bryant could not have had much sympathy with the writer who boasted of the number of verses he could compose while standing on one foot.

When Mr. Bryant gave Professor Dodd the manuscript he informed him that there were several antecedent manuscripts relating to the poem, containing hints and suggestions intelligent only to the author. Hence he had not given them to him. Students of Mr. Bryant's poetry need not be told that he was not a rapid writer. The perfection of his verse could not have been attained without labor. In his poem en-

titled "The Poet," he has, in his advice to others, described the methods of his own procedure. The care bestowed on each line impressed it indelibly upon his memory, so that he could repeat all he had written. Having occasion to refer to a passage which I could not perfectly recall, he repeated it. I asked him if he could repeat all the poems he had written. He replied, "Nearly all of them." I understood him to mean that he could repeat all the poetry he had written.

TRANSLATIONS.

The first time I met Mr. Bryant after the publication of his "Thirty Poems," he asked my opinion of the translation of the ninth book of the "Odyssey," contained in that volume. I gave him the opinion which I had just heard expressed by an accurate classical scholar and a man of taste. This was of course favorable. I also repeated the wish expressed by the gentleman alluded to that he would translate the whole "Iliad," as, judging from the specimen, it would be a better translation than had been made. If at that time he designed to enter upon the work of translating Homer he gave no intimation of it. Years afterwards, when he had translated the "Iliad," and proposed to translate the "Odyssey," I ventured to remonstrate with him for devoting powers fitted for original production to the work of translation. He remarked that at his age it was not wise to subject the mind to the strain required by original composition. In translating, the thoughts were furnished, and he had only to seek for their appropriate expression, which was a pleasant exercise of mind, furnishing amusement rather than toil. This was several years before he wrote "The Flood of Years," a poem which gave ample proof that his power of original production was not in the slightest degree impaired.

HELPFULNESS.

Mr. Bryant made few professions of friendship, and was very unostentatious in his deeds of benevolence. He was what may be called a helpful man. When an opportunity for serving a friend offered he did not neglect that opportunity. His intimate

friends could, if they deemed it proper, relate many instances of his personal efforts in behalf of friends and of others deemed by him worthy of assistance. I think he helped a good many, who thought they were born to achieve a reputation in poetry, to arrive at more accurate views as to their calling and destiny.

I recollect a somewhat humorous account given by him of a rustic young man who made his way into the editor's room, and stated his supposition that the person before him was Bryant, the poet. On being informed that his supposition was so far correct that the person before him was named Bryant, and that he had the credit of writing verses, he announced that *he* was something of a poet. He then took from a swollen pocket of his overcoat a quantity of manuscripts which he wished Mr. Bryant to read, and to tell him the way to get them published. Mr. Bryant excused himself from the task on account of want of time, and explained to the young aspirant the steps necessary in order to secure a publisher. The information given did not seem to encourage his hopes. "He stood silent and thoughtful for a moment," said Mr. Bryant, "and then went his way, and I saw him no more." This we have reason for more than a suspicion was far from being the only visit of the kind which he had received. Such visitors probably thought that the great man was "cold."

HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

He but seldom spoke of those with whom he was sometimes compared, and who may have been accounted his rivals, and when he did speak of them, it was always in a kindly tone. I never heard a word of adverse criticism of any of the leading American poets. He spoke more frequently of Dana than of any other American poet, whom he evidently regarded as a man of genius and of culture, but admitted that his poetry was not adapted to please the million. He regretted that Dana's turn of mind and habits of seclusion had led him to adopt views in regard to society and government that differed widely from his own. The following extract from

his speech at the Century Club will give the reader a better idea of his kindly estimate of contemporary poets than any recollections that occur to me:

"I miss my old friend Dana, who gave so grandly the story of the Buccaneer in his solemn verses; I miss Pierpont, venerable in years, yet vigorous in mind and body and with an undimmed fancy; and him whose pages are wet with the tears of maidens who read the story of *Evangeline*; and the author of '*Fanny*' and the '*Croakers*,' no less renowned for the fiery spirit which animated his '*Marco Bozzaris*;' and him to whose wit we owe the '*Biglow Papers*,' who has made a lowly flower of the way-side as classical as the rose of *Anacreon*; and the Quaker poet, whose verses, Quaker as he is, stir the blood like the voice of a trumpet calling to battle; and the poetess of *Hartford*, whose beautiful lyrics are in a million hands, and others, whose names, were they to occur to me here as in my study, I might accompany with the mention of some characteristic merit.

"But here is he whose aerial verse has raised the little insect of our fields, making his murmuring journey from flower to flower, the humble bee, to a dignity equal to that of *Pindar's* eagle; here is the '*Autocrat*' of the breakfast table—author of that most spirited of naval lyrics, beginning with the line,

'Aye, tear her tattered ensign down.'

Here, too, is the poet who told in pathetic verse the story of *Jephtha's* daughter, and here are others, worthy compeers of those I have mentioned, yet greatly my juniors, in the brightness of whose rising fame I am like one who has carried a lantern in the night, and who perceives that its beams are no longer visible in the glory which the morning pours around him."

Thus kindly was he disposed to speak of his contemporaries. The only approach to severity of criticism that I ever heard from him was the following quotation, which he had read or heard uttered respecting a certain author—"How beautifully he would say things if he had any thing to say." But he regarded the remark as too severe. He

said there was something in the words referred to that suggested rather than authorized the remark. I never saw him express vexation but once. That was when a writer in a periodical entirely misapprehended the meaning of a passage in one of his poems, and made the misapprehension the ground of commendation. That he seemed to think was worse than "damning with faint praise."

JOURNALISM.

To one who expressed some surprise that he could submit to the drudgery connected with the issue of a daily paper, he remarked that every one had his allotted work and must find his happiness in its performance. If God had made any men seers of the beautiful, they were not to seclude themselves from the world where work was to be done for humanity and for God. He spoke with disapprobation of men retiring voluntarily from any useful service. He regarded experience as a talent which no one had a right to hide in a napkin.

A POETICAL DINNER SPEECH.

In 1869 I met Mr. Bryant at Williamstown. It was commencement season. Mr. Bryant seemed to me to be unusually depressed. I ought not to say unusually, for I do not recollect ever meeting him at any other time when he seemed depressed. I was afraid he was ill, but he said he was in his usual health. He listened attentively to the orations of the young men, and joined the *Alumni* at dinner. After dinner, he among others was called on for remarks. He spoke as follows:

"It has occurred to me, since I, in the decline of life, came to visit once more this seat of learning, in which our youth are trained to succeed us on the stage of the world, that I am in the situation of one, who, standing on a spot desolate with Winter, and dim with twilight, should be permitted, by a sort of miracle, to look upon a neighboring region glorious with the bloom of Spring, and bright with the beams of morning. On the side where I stand I see, perhaps, fields and leafless woods, pools sheeted with ice, a frozen soil, and the shadows of

approaching night. On the side to which I look I see emerald meadows, fields of springing wheat, orchards in bloom, transparent streams, and a genial sunshine. With me it is too late for any further hopeful tillage, and if the plow were put into the ground, its coulter would be obstructed by the ice-bound sods. On the side to which I look I see the tokens of judicious culture and careful tendency, recompensed by a free and promising growth. I rejoice at the kindly care thus bestowed, and my hope and prayer is, that under such auspices all the promises which meet my eyes may be amply fulfilled, and that from these luxuriant fields a harvest may be gathered

richer and more abundant than has ever yet been stored in the granaries of the land."

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

I saw Mr. Bryant for the last time a few weeks before his death. Reference having been made to the close of life, I asked him if the sentiment expressed in one of his poems was habitual with him. He repeated the passage alluded to:

"Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart,"

and he said the sentiment was habitual, and then, with great humility and simplicity, expressed his entire reliance upon Christ for salvation.

ON THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

THE tops of the mountains were becoming visible in the gray of an August morning, when the cheery voice of Müller, the artist, aroused me from a delicious nap.

"The camp is to remain here to-day," said he, "and we have the general's permission to dispose of our time as we please. Now for an exploration. You shall be the *raconteur*, and I will add the illustrations. But we must bestir ourselves, and the sooner breakfast is over the sooner we shall be among the wild and wonderful."

All this was quite in harmony with my own wishes; and so we hastened breakfast, and by the time the sun gilded the upper peaks we were on our horses, riding slowly away from the camp in a northward direction, following a broad Indian trail, that led toward the sources of Tongue River.

Our camp was that of General Connor, of Utah, situated on the upper fork of Powder River, in the Territory of Wyoming. The mountains to which we were going were the mysterious Big Horn range, which here make a sudden trend to the north-west as far as the river of the same name. The country was then a veritable *terra incognita*, being marked upon our maps as "Unknown," and, indeed, what few rivers and *buttes* had been ventured upon by the geographers, we

invariably found to be in other localities, or existed only in the imaginations of the draughtsmen themselves. Fort Reno was south-east of us some fifty miles, and Powder River *Buttes* were simply a low bank of clouds on the eastern horizon. In addition to our note-books we were well armed with carbines and revolvers, nor had we neglected to take a few biscuit and some jerked buffalo for our dinner, as we designed to be absent the entire day.

The trail at first led up a long, gentle acclivity, down the middle of which tumbled a mountain torrent. On its banks was blooming a species of poppy and a brilliant and gaudy aster. Occasionally we passed a clump of plum bushes, which abound in these mountains, of several varieties, yellow, red, and purple. Many of the bushes were heavily laden, and the fruit was already ripening. The red berries of a species of barberry glinted from among the dark green leaves, and not unfrequently the entire thicket was overrun with hop-vines, which, along these streams, are larger than I ever saw elsewhere. In the little pools hollowed out by the torrent were a vast number of mullet, and once we beheld the speckled sides of a trout. A flock of magpies were chattering in the top of a dwarfed blue ash

(*Fraxinus quadrangulata*), but they flew at our approach in the direction of the cotton-woods below the camp.

At the end of a couple of miles the trail left the valley and struck boldly up a steep hill, one of the outlyers of the range; which, however, was clothed with a short grass, very tender, the favorite food of the prong-horned antelope and black-tailed deer, animals that are numerous all through these regions. Once we saw in the dust the tracks of a grizzly, which had evidently passed that way but a short time before.

"What do you call that animal?" exclaimed Müller, pointing down a ravine to our right.

I looked, and there feeding on the short herbage was a broad-horned elk, the first I ever saw. A further look revealed some dozen or more, who now scented our presence and lifted up their noses suspiciously. Dismounting, I leveled my carbine at the nearest one, and at the crack was pleased to see it fall. We rode down to where it lay, and found it to be a fine male of at least three hundred pounds weight. The report of the carbine brought one of our Pawnee scouts into sight. Waving a handkerchief as a signal, he was presently with us, and we turned the venison over to him, after he had promised to supply us with a steak upon our return.

"A good commencement," remarked my companion; "but it is doubtful whether the Pawnee will keep his promise."

"I have found them trustworthy thus far," I replied. "Captain North would trounce him finely if he failed of his word."

By this time we had reached the summit of the hill, where our eyes were greeted with a view at once unexpected and delightful. At the foot of the slope, distant a short two miles, nestled a sheet of water, which, in the morning sun, gleamed like burnished silver. At the hither end, driven by the breeze, miniature white-caps broke in quick succession on the shining sand. Precipitous red cliffs upon the farther shore hung over the water as if guarding the precious gem. This was Lake De Smet, named in honor of a Catholic missionary, although until that

moment we were unaware of its existence, as it did not appear upon our charts.

We paused upon the summit to drink in for a moment the glorious panorama. Upon our side, from the lake to the foot of the mountains, spread a most lovely valley. Through its midst we could discern the silvery, sinuous windings of a mountain stream. Following its course with our eyes we could mark the dark gorge whence it issued from its birthplace among the snows; and we could plainly behold its confluence with the lake. The lake itself is a little over four miles in length, and from a half to three-quarters of a mile in width. The valley through its entire length was dotted all over with buffaloes in countless numbers feeding on the abundant pasturage, reminding us of the droves of cattle on the plains of Texas. To the left were the lofty snow-capped peaks of the main range, the Titan sentinels of that mysterious land.

Over the surface of the lake flocks of waterfowl were disporting themselves, and at the nearer shore a herd of black-tailed deer were slaking their thirst. It was a view from fairy-land; and I thought as we gazed upon the scene, that any device of art would only mar the perfect unity of the picture.

After carefully scanning the vicinity with our glasses to make sure no lurking band of Sioux were about, we rode slowly down to the lake. On our way we passed several prostrate monster trunks of trees of a species of conifer, thoroughly petrified, of which we secured specimens. Dismounting, we drank of the water, which, although clear and cold, was brackish to the taste. My companion here hastily sketched a view of the lake and surroundings, while I cast about for curiosities. On the shore I picked up a piece of pumice, and on the bar at the mouth of the creek I found a specimen of silver ore, unusually pure. A fine moss agate also rewarded my search, and a little distance up the stream was a ledge of superior gypsum. Near the petrified trees were the remains of fossil quadrupeds of wonderful size, of which I brought away an atlas, the largest I ever saw. In a pool near the

creek were many specimens of what are popularly known as horse-hair snakes, a harmless species of lacustrine worm; and there were frogs, both in numbers and size, that would have delighted the most fastidious of Parisian epicures. Near this I surprised a large badger, which tumbled heels over head in its haste to seek refuge in its burrow. The buffaloes had fled at our appearance, and were presently followed by the general and staff, accompanied by a body of Pawnees. He remarked as he rode past that we were a couple of foolhardy philosophers to venture so far from camp in the heart of a hostile Indian country. They had not been gone long ere we heard the reports of carbines up the valley accompanied by the rumbling flight of the buffaloes as they fled before their pursuers. The noise of the chase, however, shortly died away in the distance.

It was now midday, and we sat down in the shade to dine. How quiet and peaceful every thing seemed—the lake, the valley, and the mountains! I thought of Eden before the fall, and fancied this might be a faint resemblance. My companion was loud in his praises, and sketched several rough views, to be finished on our return to camp. After a short nooning, we decided to explore the stream we had followed in the morning; and, accordingly, retraced our steps. We soon reached its valley and ascended it towards the mountains. Not far from the trail we surprised a herd of black-tailed deer, which seemed to stand up all around us. In a twinkling our carbines were unslung, and a fine doe rewarded our fire. Dismounting, we secured the saddle, which we concealed from the wolves in a barberry thicket, marking the spot by blazing a few bushes. An hour farther on brought us to where the creek debouched from the mountains, and we found it impossible to proceed farther on horseback. Perpendicular cliffs rose to an immense height on either hand, and the stream itself flowed over an inclined plain that it would be dangerous to attempt. We, therefore, regretfully retraced our steps in the direction of camp.

As we rode along my companion suddenly

exclaimed, with a strong Teuton accent, "What's that?" He was terribly excited. Looking in the direction indicated, I beheld a large grizzly she-bear and cub, making their meal on the plums that were in abundance along every ravine next to the mountains. The sight was sufficient to excite the most stolid man that ever drew breath. Grasping our carbines we galloped towards them, though not before the watchful dam had discovered our presence, and commenced her flight up the ravine for the mountains. She was careful, we observed, to interpose herself between her cub and danger, and regulated her speed to that of her offspring. A few moments sufficed to bring us alongside, but we found that between us was a deep and utterly impassable gully. A bear, however, is like a hog, headstrong, and they persisted in their rolling gallop along the opposite bank. We fired simultaneously, and both missed, being struck, I suppose, with what hunters call buck fever. However, we presently recovered, and it was not long before the constant discharges from our Spencers began to tell seriously upon her. By this time the gully had become quite narrow, and the dam, furious with her wounds, sprang into it and up our side, and came towards us roaring with open mouth. It was well for us that we were mounted. She could not follow both at once, and as she followed one the other would gallop after her, keeping up a constant fire. Presently she halted, then she gradually settled down upon all four feet, with her huge square nose between her fore paws. We approached, she gave no heed; and leaning over, I punched her with the muzzle of my carbine. She was dead. Müller at once dismounted and commenced taking her portrait as she lay, while I looked over his shoulder, marveling at the facility with which the picture grew under his pencil. While thus occupied, I heard a short, vicious grunt behind us, and looking around, beheld the cub which had returned in search of its dam. It was speedily dispatched. Mounting our horses, we returned to camp, taking the saddle of venison on our way. A party was at once dispatched with a wagon

for the carcasses of the bears, who returned shortly after nightfall. The meat was divided among the soldiers, and was regarded as a valuable addition to our stores. The animals were very fat, and the old one large for a female. The Pawnee brought us a

piece of the elk, but our own venison being sufficient for our needs, we declined it with thanks. We were tired, and went to our blankets early, and, despite the howling of what seemed to be countless wolves, were soon in the peaceful land of dreams.

EARTHQUAKES IN PALESTINE.

ASIA Minor, Syria, and Palestine have all been subject to earthquakes from the earliest historic ages, and both profane and sacred historians mention the destruction caused by them. One, and that of a very severe character, is alluded to by at least two of the inspired writers. The prophecies of Amos are thus headed: "The words of Amos, who was among the herdmen of Tekoa, which he saw concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah, king of Judah, and in the days of Jeroboam, the son of Joash, king of Israel, two years before the earthquake." It was manifestly the most remarkable event which occurred about that period, else would it not have become an epoch from which to date backwards as well as forwards. Careful study of the prophecies of Amos will enable one to comprehend how signal was the ruin which this earthquake was designed to cause, and actually did cause, in Jerusalem and generally throughout Palestine. It made rents and clefts in the houses, both great and small: "For behold the Lord commandeth, and he will smite the great house with breaches, and the little house with clefts." (vi, 11.) It shook the door-posts of the temple, and produced breaches in the holy house. "I saw the Lord standing upon the altar: and he said, Smite the lintel of the door, that the posts may shake." "In that day will I raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen, and close up the breaches thereof; and I will raise up his ruins, and I will build it as in the days of old." (ix, 1, 11.) We are inclined to conjecture that some of the citizens of Jerusalem and the provincial towns retreated to cellars, and others climbed

the hills to seek refuge from the judgment. (ix, 2, 3.) The solid earth trembled and rose and fell during the commotion, and, indeed, so lost its stability as to suggest the idea of the liquefaction of a metal: "And the Lord God of hosts is he that toucheth the land, and it shall melt, and all that dwell therein shall mourn: and it shall rise up wholly like a flood." (ix, 5; also viii, 8.) During an earthquake it occasionally happens that when a cleft opens in the ground, quantities of water are flung forth—possibly this is alluded to in the remainder of the verse now quoted: "and it [the land] shall be drowned as by the flood of Egypt." During an earthquake the sea is almost sure for a few moments to recede and then roll in a tremendous wave, especially upon the more level parts of the shore. That which did such damage during the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, was sixty feet high. Such a wave must have broken in during the earthquake referred to by Amos: "[Seek him] that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: The Lord is his name." (v, 8; ix, 6.) Finally, there was great loss of life: "there shall be many dead bodies in every place; they shall cast them forth with silence." (viii, 3.) Certain parts of the prophecy have a reference beyond the immediate one: thus the Apostle James, speaking at the Synod of Jerusalem, quotes the passage about building again the ruins of the tabernacle of David, and applies it specially to the calling of the Gentiles. (Acts xv, 16, 17.)

The other inspired writer who specially refers to the earthquake in Uzziah's reign is Zechariah. Prophesying some future phys-

ical convulsion which should rend in two the Mount of Olives at the advent of the Lord, he adds: "Yea, ye shall flee, like as ye fled from before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah, king of Judah" (Zech. xiv. 5), thus confirming the statements made on information derived from the book of Amos, as to the terror which that visitation caused.

Isaiah was partly contemporary with Amos, and we should therefore expect to find some allusion to this earthquake in his writings; and we think that we do so. May not the 24th chapter have been composed immediately subsequent to the occurrence of the great convulsion? And may not its several verses have a very specific reference? No one can fail to perceive the significance of some of the most striking portions of the chapter: "Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof." "The land shall be utterly emptied, and utterly spoiled." "The earth mourneth and fadeth away, the world languisheth and fadeth away." "The city of confusion is broken down." "In the city is left desolation, and the gate is smitten with destruction." "The windows from on high are open, and the foundations of the earth do shake. The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage." (Verses 1, 3, 4, 10, 12, 18-20.) At what period of Isaiah's public life the remarkable chapter from which these quotations are made was originally penned we have no means of knowing, but there is another notable reference to an earthquake—probably the same one—the date of which can with some little confidence be conjectured; we refer to that in chap. ii, 19, 21: "And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth." "To go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth." A celebrated writer found a

very convincing argument for the truthfulness of the Acts of the Apostles on the undesigned coincidences between that inspired work and the New Testament epistles. It appears to us that here there is an undesigned coincidence of a similar kind which may be adduced in support of this part of Isaiah's prophecies. Learning from the introduction to his work that he saw his "vision" in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, we naturally attribute the opening chapters to the first of those reigns, and expect in them predictions referring to the earthquake which constituted so noteworthy an event of that time. We are not disappointed in our search, but find the expectations raised by a perusal of Amos and Zechariah's writings met, when we turn to those of Isaiah.

The Jewish historian, Josephus, makes mention of the same earthquake, and states that it occurred precisely at the time when King Uzziah was struck with leprosy, while usurping priestly functions in the temple. Referring to its magnitude, he adds that, "Before the city, at a place called Eroge, half the mountain broke off from the rest on the west, and rolled itself four furlongs, and stood still at the east mountain; all the roads, as well as the king's gardens, were spoiled by the obstruction." ("Antiq.," book ix, chap. x, § 4.) This would be very interesting if we were sure that it was true; but remembering that the historian did not live till between eight and nine centuries after the event which he here records, we naturally hesitate to accept his statement without knowing his authority for it.

It is stated that while other dangers seem less to those habituated to them, as, for example, a mariner dreads the sea less the more he lives upon it, it is quite the opposite with earthquakes; those fear them most who know them best. The majority of people in the countries agitated by these convulsions in consequence become the slaves of abject superstition. Some, however, under divine guidance, take refuge in true religion. An argument for the Bible may be drawn from its moral teachings in connection with these calamities.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

CONSERVATION OF METHODIST ORTHODOXY.

THE religious and ecclesiastical aspects of the times show an unsettled state of opinions in some minds, in respect to certain of the traditional articles of the faith of the Church. This is quite natural, since freethinking is now conceded to be the right of every one, while its use by unskillful hands is naturally and certainly liable to be abused. Nor is this any cause for alarm, nor especially for regret, except for those who doubt; for men have learned to have faith in the truth, not only as true, but also as able to maintain itself in a free and fair contest with any and every form of error. The conflict now waged about the great truths of religion is not a new one, nor is it likely soon to come to an end. The truth will live and grow till it shall fill the whole world, and yet, because, in its higher and more spiritual forms, it addresses itself not so much or so directly to the rational understanding as to the religious consciousness, it will continue to be disallowed by those who deduce their religious opinions by their rational faculties rather than through the teachings of the Holy Spirit. This conflict began at the first temptation in Eden, and it is, from the nature of the case, both irrepressible and interminable. Men's fallible understandings will continue to lead them away from the truth, while, on the other hand, the living truth will continue to assert its claims, and men will continue to accept it as of paramount sacredness and authority, and will assert its supremacy and labor for its universal acceptance. To maintain this truth and to make it effective in the world, is one of the great trusts committed to the Church by its risen and ascended, and yet evermore present Redeemer and Head.

Belief in "the Holy Catholic Church" is confessed in the oldest creed of Christendom; and, perhaps, no article in that venerable in-

strument is more generally or heartily accepted among believers of every name and nation. In its simplest sense, that article accepts the reality of the Church as one and universal. It is in a high and sacred sense a corporate unity, a living organism, in which every part holds vital connection with every other, so that the parts of the great whole rejoice or suffer together. And, accordingly, no Christian minister has the right to dissociate himself from others of the same sacred relations and calling, nor may any local body of believers isolate themselves from the great body of the Catholic or universal Church. Each minister and every Church is bound by his or its sacred relations to the common Head to do more than maintain "the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace." They must also submit themselves to the godly counsels and must heed the brotherly admonitions of other ministers and Churches, and also labor in unison with others, for the maintenance of the faith and morals of the whole Church. The rights of the individual minister, though personally called of God to his office and its functions, are not absolute and unqualified. The body of Christ's ministers constitute a commonwealth with very great interests in common. In this inheres the reason for ecclesiastical ordination to the ministry, which is simply a form of recognition of the individual as called of God to the ministry of the Gospel, and an indorsement of the purity of his life, and the correctness of his faith. The ordained minister thus becomes the organ and representative of the whole Church in whose name he acts and teaches. Each minister is the "keeper" of each of his brother ministers within the range of his ecclesiastical associations, and each local Church has a lively interest in the faith and devotions of the whole body.

The most sacred trust committed by Christ to his Church is the living truths of the

Gospel. These are the soil out of which grow both personal religious experience and organic Church life. These truths, the doctrines of the Gospel, were given to the apostles, the then present body of Christ's ministers, in the terms of the great commission to "teach all nations," "teaching them to observe all things that I have commanded you." Every-where and perpetually, Christian ministers are bound on their fidelity to the Master to "preach the Word," to set forth sound doctrines; and every Methodist minister, at least, has solemnly vowed to God and the Church to "be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word," which promise is simply an affirmative response to the exhortation,—“and see that you never cease your labor, your care and diligence, until you have done all that lieth in you, according to your bounden duty, to bring all such as are, or shall be committed to your charge, unto that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that there be no place left among you, either for error in religion or for viciousness in life.” These things imply that to ministers especially, but not exclusively, pertains the twofold duty of maintaining Christian truth, by setting forth with all proper fullness the great doctrines of the Gospel and by using all diligence in the spirit of Christ, to suppress and extirpate from the Church all false teaching. And this obligation carries with it of necessity the right and authority to judge and determine what are the truths that are to be taught, and what the “errors and strange doctrines” that are to be driven away. This power inheres in the Church as a divine endowment and trust, and though it may not set aside the clear convictions of the individual nor bind any man's conscience, yet, it is a law which must govern in the body of associated believers, and to which all who continue in such an association are bound in good faith to submit themselves. The pulpit is for the presentation of the truth as it is “verily believed” among the associated body of worshipers, not for the ventilation of the minister's private opinions, and still less for the expression of doubts or fanciful speculations, nor for over wrought discussions of theological or metaphysical questions.

As we are writing especially and chiefly for our own denomination, it may be proper to remark at this point that, in respect to these things, the Methodist Episcopal Church occupies common ground with all other portions or divisions of the Church catholic. Indeed, while it claims and exercises a complete organic self-hood, its members and ministers are a part of the one and indivisible body of Christ. When, therefore, in the beginning, a few quickened souls united together for associated worship, and for mutual Christian culture, they came together with a common form of faith mutually recognized and accepted. And when these twos and threes were increased into multitudinous congregations “in which the pure Word of God [so received] was preached and the sacraments duly administered,” each individual having come of free-will into the association with a presumed understanding of its doctrines, the original unity of faith became the accepted creed of the whole body. It is to inculcate the recognized doctrines of the Gospel and to secure their appropriate moral and religious results, that the Christian ministry is ordained and perpetuated by the great head of the Church; and to labor for these ends is presumed to be the constant purpose and earnest endeavor of all true ministers. But because men “continue not by reason of death,” new recruits to the ranks of the ministry must be continually made, and, as well, to enlarge the area of the Church's operations; and hence, the need carefully to guard against the intrusion of any not fully in accord with the accepted and traditional faith of the body. Accordingly, it is found that the very first thing to be ascertained in respect to any one proposed for a place, even the least advanced, in the Methodist ministry, is whether he is in full accord with the recognized doctrines of the Church. This matter must be affirmatively determined before any thing further can be done. All later inquiries respecting “gifts, graces, and usefulness” proceed upon the presumption that the candidate is sound in the faith,—that without private interpretations of words and phrases, and without any mental reservations, he is in agreement with the doctrines held and taught by the ministry in which it is proposed that he shall have a part.

In the entire course of training by which

men are brought into the full status of the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church there is no reference to what doctrines he shall believe or teach—that is presumed to have been settled at the threshold—but it is designed to enable him the more effectively to preach the truths recognized by the body into which he seeks admittance, and which he professes to hold and cherish. All along the course there is an unvarying recognition of a system of doctrines fairly ascertained and well understood, which the candidate cordially accepts as substantially identical with his own honest convictions, and which, therefore, he proposes to preach as agreeable to the Word of God. To this form of doctrine, whatever it may be, he is shut by the conditions of his accepted ecclesiastical relations, and of his ordination to the ministry; and so long as he continues to hold and occupy these relations with their legitimate obligations, he is estopped from departing from the system of faith so accepted and believed.

The recognition of the fact that there is a system of doctrines held and taught by authority in the Methodist Episcopal Church suggests an inquiry for the documents in which that form of doctrine is set forth. The Holy Scriptures are, indeed, a number of times referred to in the book of Discipline, as containing "all things necessary to salvation," and all things not included in them are set aside, as not necessary. But equally broad and singular appeals to the Scriptures are made by some whose doctrinal opinions are very far removed from those of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When, therefore, the doctrines of Scripture are named in any of the Methodist formulas, it is to be understood as referring to those doctrines as they have been received and are taught in the pulpits and through the press of the Church. If, then, passing beyond the Holy Scriptures, "without note or comment," one asks for the standards of Methodist doctrines, what must be the answer? First, we find twenty-five "Articles of Religion." Of these, the first four relate to the being of God and the persons of the Trinity. The next two relate to the Holy Scriptures, as the sole and sufficient standard of faith. From the seventh to the twelfth, inclusive, are given succinct, but very clear and comprehensive, statements of what may be

styled, in the language of the learned, Theanthropology—the doctrines of sin, of free-will, of justification, and of good works. Articles sixteenth to nineteenth relate to the sacraments. There are also a number of negative articles, designed to guard against the teachings of the Church of Rome, and last of all there are three political articles, which seem to be rather out of place in such a document. It will be seen on examination that on some highly important points of Christian doctrine, and among these are some that have been especially emphasized in Methodism, these articles are entirely silent. Among these are such important subjects as the Christian Sabbath, the Scripture doctrine of marriage, and the whole subject of eschatology, beyond the naked fact that there is to be a future life, judgment, and everlasting life after death. It seems most likely that these articles were never intended to serve as a complete system of doctrine, and it is very certain that the accepted doctrines of Methodism have always been wider than the ground covered by them.

Besides and beyond its "articles" the Church has had from its first formal organization certain other official forms that embody doctrinal statements or implications. Its ritual is doctrinal in respect to the several ordinances observed in the Church; those relating to baptism, including the Apostles' Creed, are (or rather originally were) in full and clear accord with the teachings of the articles on these subjects. That on matrimony supplies in part the omission of that subject in the articles. The rituals for ordinations to the ministry define and illustrate our doctrines relative to the Christian ministry, while that for the burial of the dead (in its modernized form) gives a partial system of eschatology strongly inclined to literalistic and materialistic interpretations, with a decided squinting toward Millenarianism. The ritual, as it stood in 1808, having been adopted by the same authority, was of equal force with the articles; and the Restrictive Rule, then adopted to guard against any change of "our present existing and established standards of doctrine," covered the ritual in all its doctrinal teachings as really as the articles. And accordingly all the changes of the rituals, and all omissions or additions, by which any old doctrine is now passed over in silence, or any new doctrine taught, is in vio-

lation of that first Restrictive Rule, and, therefore, without authority in the Church's judicial administration.

But although the ritual, to a considerable extent, supplements the deficiencies of the articles, the two united fail at a variety of points to cover the whole ground, and, in many cases, where they are not altogether silent, they rather imply and suggest than expressly declare what they seem to teach. Other documents, as the "Doctrinal Tracts," Wesley's Sermons, and his Notes on the New Testament, once had a kind of official recognition as standards of doctrine; but they were never legally accepted as such, nor was there at any time any general acceptance of some things taught in them, and they have ceased entirely to be so recognized. Beyond the articles and the ritual we certainly have no documents of any kind that can be referred to as decisively authoritative in matters of theological beliefs; and yet it is quite certain that there are not a few points of doctrine in respect to which these documents do not speak clearly, "which are most surely believed among us," and the denial of which would be esteemed a fatal disqualification for the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We are thus brought to conclude that the Church's published standards are not the measures of its beliefs, but rather they are intended to indicate with more or less fullness and definiteness its deliverances respecting the subjects to which they relate. Whatever they positively declare is thereby established, and its opposite is excluded; but they avail nothing negatively, nor do they together embody the whole of the doctrines of Methodism. The Methodist Episcopal Church has from the beginning held and taught more than is contained in any of its formally recognized standards. Some of its tenets have been formulated, and others more indefinitely stated, while much more not *formally* set forth, has been held and occupied, and its fruits harvested and enjoyed. And this it must assert and defend no less carefully than those.

Methodism claims to be a living organism, intrusted with the keeping and the use of the great truths of revelation, for which sacred trust and duty it is qualified by the indwelling Spirit. It has accepted as true and agreeable to God's Word certain doctrinal opinions that

have been continuously and uniformly received by the Church. These opinions have found expression in its hymnology, its biographies, its works on practical or experimental religion, and more fully and effectively in the living voice of the pulpit, and in the prayers and the Christian testimonies of its people. The utterances heard in an ordinary prayer-meeting conducted by intelligent, non-professional laymen and women are often the best illustrations of Methodist doctrines; and these speak the same language every-where. What these doctrines are, and what answers they give to any and all of the questionings of ignorance or unbelief, can not but be known to any one at all qualified to preach the Gospel in a Methodist pulpit. In respect to whatever affects the integrity of evangelical theology, the doctrines held and taught a hundred years ago are held and cherished still; and, now as then, these are the things by which the preaching of the Gospel becomes effective. No better doctrinal statements for present use need be looked for than are to be found in Wesley's Sermons, whatever may be thought respecting certain things found in them, but not any integral part of their theology. And these things are still cherished among us because they are believed to agree with God's Word, and because they have been found a savor of life in the Church.

In estimating the nature and functions of such a body as the Methodist Episcopal Church (and the same is true of all the various ecclesiastical bodies in the country), care must be had not to claim for it, as a "denomination," whatever might be claimed on the broad basis of membership in the Church universal. The plausible but specious plea that no ecclesiastical body has the right to narrow its standards within what it is manifest that the Head of the Church does, in the bestowments of his grace, is wholly untenable, and quite inconsistent with the founding and maintenance of voluntarily associated Churches and denominations. Every man has the right to choose his own religious associations, and associated bodies of believers have the right, within the limits of the Word of God and of Christian charity, to designate the doctrinal views and opinions that shall be openly held and taught among themselves. No "denomination" is identical with the Church catholic, and while

the laws of the latter must be observed by the former, more exact definition of those laws and somewhat different interpretations of them among different organizations are unavoidable, and may be not only allowable, but also highly desirable. Our various denominations have their own methods, severally, of interpreting and applying the teachings of Holy Scripture, which they are bound in all good conscience to maintain and enforce. It is not assumed that all who dissent from these are, therefore, not true Christians in spiritual life and experience, and in all the absolute essentials of the faith; but because of their defects, or excesses of things believed, it is not deemed by others to be compatible with their own fidelity to the truth to accept such as religious teachers. And yet the privileges of Church membership and of Christian communion may safely and with propriety be granted to such as evince the true spirit of Christ, though they may fail in certain doctrinal points, not essential to vital Christianity, provided they abstain from strifes, and from all attempts to overthrow or reverse the basis of faith of the body whose privileges they are permitted to enjoy.

There is a very wide difference in respect to specific doctrinal views between the case of a layman who comes only to enjoy the privileges of Christian fellowship and that of a minister of the Gospel who undertakes to propagate and defend the doctrines of Christianity as held and taught by the associated body within whose communion and under whose auspices he proposes to fulfill his commission as a minister of the Gospel. In the former case his wrong opinions, as judged by his associates, can harm only himself,—perhaps through a defective logic on his part he may escape for himself the naturally evil tendencies of his wrong opinions, and live in the enjoyment, and producing the fruits of the Spirit's bestowments, which his theories of religion, carried out to their logical results, would make impossible. But in the case of a minister, whose duty it is to preach the Gospel as he has come to understand it, whatever errors of doctrine he may entertain he must preach and propagate in other minds. He may, indeed, be honest in his doubtings, but he surely would not be honest in using his position to destroy that which he had solemnly undertaken to build up and defend; and those

with whom he has been associated, and under whose auspices he has chosen to act, have the right, and are bound by their fidelity, to withdraw from him their sanction as a religious teacher, and to discontinue their co-operation with him as a preacher of the Gospel. They may still recognize him as a true Christian, though an unsafe teacher; and he may be allowed to enjoy all the personal privileges of the Church, provided he live quietly and abstain from contentious debates. More than this he could not reasonably require, and those whose duty it is "to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines" would not be at liberty to do less than thus to restrain him from working damage among those whom he might teach. There is no Church penalty for holding or teaching heretical opinions; every man may hold and teach as he believes. But this must be done by him as an individual and not as the sanctioned and authorized minister of a body of believers whose recognized doctrines he rejects and labors to destroy.

Church judicatories having the direction of the affairs of associated bodies of ministers and Churches are charged with most sacred and solemn responsibilities respecting both the doctrinal opinions and personal lives of those to whom they lend the great influence of their indorsement as ministers of the Gospel. Hence arises the duty of organic unions among local Churches, so making "denominations," and of ecclesiastically associated bodies of ministers, so making presbyteries, though perhaps called by other names. Such organic unions of Churches form spiritual commonwealths for common Church work, and they also offer readily ascertainable religious homes for such as are called to change their places of residence. Membership in such denominational bodies of ministers stands as the very best possible indorsement of the "purity of life and soundness in doctrine" of those so favored; and especially in Methodism, whose pastors are appointed to the several Churches, and not selected by the Churches, the trustworthiness of such indorsement is the only guarantee to the Churches against the intolerable curse of an immoral or a heretical minister.

It is needful, therefore, that the members of our conferences shall possess correct and comprehensive ideas in respect to what are the doctrines that they are commissioned to teach,

and that they shall faithfully and without fear or favor, see to it that these doctrines, and nothing contrary to them, are held and taught by any and all whom they accredit to the Churches as well qualified for the high and responsible duties of ministers of Christ. In judging respecting such matters there is, indeed, great liability to err on the side of too much forbearance, and through personal kindness to become unfaithful to the most sacred of public trusts. The danger is not from too much severity, but of quite the opposite character.

But by what rules in the Methodist Episcopal Church may a minister be called to account for heresy? In the first place it is to be noticed that all such inquiries are conducted by the peers and associates of the person whose case is to be examined. This places him at once in the most favorable position, since the triers are supposed to be his personal friends, and are known "to be expert in all questions" respecting Methodist doctrines and discipline, and that they are themselves all the time liable to be judged by their own judgment rendered in such cases. And further, the body of triers (whether the whole conference or a select number, who are then the representatives of the whole body) are, from the nature of the case, judges of both the law and the facts involved. These men must be presumed to know what are the doctrines of the Church, and how they are to be conserved; and, in any case submitted to them, they are not to be shut up to any form of words, but to judge and determine it on the principles of the reason and equity, and agreeably to the traditional and well-known doctrines of the Church. To some this rule of action, though its necessity in practice may be conceded, may seem to be dangerously liable to be abused, and made an occasion of oppression. But the apprehended danger will be found, on examination, to be imaginary. Ecclesiastical bodies are entirely voluntary; no one is compelled to go in or to continue in, except at his own option, and the extreme penalty (if a penalty it can be called) within the power of ecclesiastical courts is the exclusion of the convicted party from his Church associations. The judgment of an ecclesiastical court is never in the proper sense punitive; the Church has no right to *punish* in any case, and its utmost judgment is simply

a separation of the individual from the association, because of a want of agreement between the parties.

There are so very few points in common between civil and ecclesiastical affairs, as the latter exist in this country, that any attempted arguments based upon analogies between the two are almost necessarily fallacious and misleading. Because of their powers over men's persons and estates there is always a liability to abuses on the part of the civil authorities, against which strong and well-defined barriers must be set up and carefully guarded. On the contrary, because the Church has no such powers and can only defend itself and protect what it holds most sacred only by moral forces, the danger is removed from the individual to the associated body, and the principles and processes of administration in each case should be directed to protect the side where there is most danger. And since in ecclesiastical affairs the various functions, the legislative, the executive and the judicial, which, in civil governments, are distributed into distinct departments, all reside in and are exercised by the same body, the objections to so large an exercise of free judgment and discretion in Church inquiries lose much of their force and pertinency.

For more than a hundred years the Methodist Episcopal Church has gone forward according to the methods above indicated. It has at no time had, in a definite form, the creed that has served at once as its spiritual inspiration and as the directory of its action. Most other denominations have fuller and more definite symbols of doctrine, but it does not appear that they have gotten along any more satisfactorily. Indeed, this greater definiteness appears often to be especially embarrassing, since it compels forced constructions of language, or it may serve to cover delinquencies that ought not to be tolerated. The maturest and the most conservative thoughts of the times are tending to favor brief, though comprehensive, but not too precisely definite statements of the points of doctrine around which concurrent bodies of ministers and Churches may crystallize into denominational unities. For a Church possessing a civil and political status, secular on the one side and spiritually dead on the other, definite statements are every-where necessary, and nothing can go be-

yond what is written; but a living Church is necessarily a law to itself, within certain great and universally accepted laws of organic spiritual life. Words and phrases are naturally tricky affairs, especially in the hands of clever tricksters; but great living verities, embodied in the understandings and the hearts of the living present, are readily recognized and safe to be employed.

Our conclusion, therefore, is, that there are no recognized documents which, either singly or together, make up the sum of Methodist orthodoxy, so that whatever these may contain must be accepted, and nothing not contained in them shall be required; that whatever is contained in the "Articles of Religion" or the Ritual (as it was in 1808), is part of the creed of Methodism, which it is presumed that the whole Church agrees to as agreeable to the Word of God, and which every minister engages to teach, as of divine authority; that these together do not contain all of the commonly accepted and well ascertained doctrines of the Gospel, as held and taught by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and therefore that the proper guardians of the Church's orthodoxy must care for and protect other arti-

cles of faith than those formally legalized by the organic documents of the body. It is not for us to attempt to supplement this want of completeness in our formal symbols of doctrines. Happily, no authority in the Church, short of the original and ultimate one, can touch this matter, and there is not the least possible danger that any thing of the kind will be attempted. The commission, from the Head of the Church, under which every Methodist minister professes to act, indicates what he, as Christ's minister, is bound to teach; the fuller and more specific form of that commission as indicated by the course of instruction given authoritatively to those who graduate into the Methodist ministry indicates what doctrines he is specially bound in truth and fidelity to hold and teach. While he continues to do this he is entitled to his place in that ministry. Whenever he fails, either by excess or defect, so to believe or teach, there remains but one course for him and for his associates,—to remove him from a position whose duties he can no longer perform. This is not a punishment, nor an impeachment of Christian character, but the discovery of a disqualification, and a course of action dictated by it.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

RUSSIA'S EXIT FROM TURKEY.—The forced hospitality which the Turk has for months given to the Russ is at an end. By the time the *REPOSITORY* reaches our readers the definitive treaty of peace, signed at Constantinople on February 8th, will have seen every letter of it fulfilled, excepting, possibly the payment of the war indemnity, which Turkey, in her present embarrassed financial condition is not likely to meet until Russia shall make delay of payment an impolitic measure. The three hundred million paper rubles which Caratheodori and Ali Pacha pledged in behalf of the Sultan to Prince Labanoff, the Russian Ambassador, is not by any means a very large amount towards the expenses to which Russia has been subjected by the war, but then to a bankrupt nation it will probably prove sufficiently large to give not a little annoyance. The English friends of the Turk seem to have

fully realized this embarrassment, for the same day's cable which transmits to us the intelligence also informs us that England has concluded a convention with Turkey purchasing the State domains in Cyprus, and what, might, under ordinary circumstances, have proved a very handsome repletion of the Ottoman Exchequer will simply pass through the treasury at Constantinople to find a last resting place in the money bags at St. Petersburg; that is, if Russia is not already under obligation to return the money to its English creditors. Hesiod wrote about 850 B. C., that "money is life to us wretched mortals," and the nations of Europe not very flush in pocket have in recent years had frequent opportunity to indorse the wisdom of the mountain poet of Boeotia. Not a single nation at war within the last twenty years but suffers to-day from the sad effects which a conflict at arms always brings

alike to victor and vanquished. Most truly Schiller writes, "The sword has made the emperor poor; the plow it is that must replenish:—"

"Der Degen hat den Kaiser arm gemacht;
Der Pflug ist's der ihn wieder stärken musz."

And more wisely still Cowper put it in his Task,

"War's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

THE PLAGUE OF SOUTH EUROPE.—The victor often takes from the battle-field more than laurels. The Russ took from Turkish lands the germ of a disease which, given a fruitful field, now extends over a territory so vast that it is terrible to contemplate the disasters of the coming weeks. "Sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste," the bard of Avon wrote, and it looks very much as if it shall become the experience of the Russians that

"Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes,
"They love a train, they tread each other's heel."

Every precaution has been promptly taken by the government to prevent the terrible inroads of what threatens to be a synonym for the Black Death of the Middle Ages. Military supervision has been established within the infected districts, and a "*cordon sanitaire*," formed to prevent the enemy coming in such peculiar shape,

"The other shape,

If shape it might be called that shape had none,"

from laying his hands on any more territory than he has already grasped with his hand of death. Whole villages are fired so as to extirpate the disease, and the inhabitants are dispatched to different parts under convoy of the Cossacks. Special cemeteries are established for those falling victims to the dreadful scourge, and all the associations that make life dear are discarded as if war was in the land and not a pestilence. The district of Astrakhan, which was the first to suffer, has, up to the time of our writing, been alone as a sufferer; but if the indications shall prove true that in the districts of Saratoff and Tombow also, and that even along the *Ægean* Sea the disease has taken a hold, it is more than likely that all Southern Europe will fall a prey to this terrible visitation, and man and beast alike be consumed in multitudes.

And *apropos*, writing of the plague, it may not be inappropriate to say here that it is one

of the oldest things under the sun. According to Petavius it ravaged the whole known world in 767 B. C. In 534 B. C., it made terrible havoc in Carthage, and the people, deploring the anger of the gods, offered up their children as sacrifices. Thucydides has left a graphic description of the plague which raged in Athens in 430 B. C., and which extended over Egypt and Ethiopia. In the eighteenth year of the Christian Era, Rome was depopulated at the rate of ten thousand daily. Three centuries and a half later the plague appeared in Britain, where the living were not able to bury the dead. There is little reason to doubt the statement that two hundred persons perished daily in London during an epidemic which raged in 1348, and which prevailed throughout Europe. In 1478 more persons perished in England of pestilence than had died in fifteen years of continued war. At various periods of its history London has suffered terribly from plagues. More than twenty thousand persons perished in 1603-4, and more than thirty-five thousand in 1625. But it was not until 1665 that the city learned what a scourge the plague might become. A moderate estimate says that sixty-eight thousand five hundred and six persons perished, while other authorities state the number at one hundred thousand. Since that period England has been tolerably free from the plague, but it has carried off eighty thousand persons in Persia, eight hundred thousand in Egypt, and sixty thousand at Marseilles at one visitation.

LEO XIII HEARD FROM.—From Clement XII to Pius IX every Roman pontiff has written allocutions and encyclicals to make plain to the world the mistake it has committed, first, in suffering the great Reformation of the sixteenth century to come to pass at all; and secondly, to point out the sinister agencies that have sprung from it; and thirdly, to make the strong arm of the Church felt out into the forbidden pastures of Protestantism, "that child of the devil." Leo XII has at last written his encyclical letter, and a good long letter it is, for it occupies seven volumes of the *Osservatore Romano*. The Pope inveighs against Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism, which militate, no longer secretly but openly, against the civil state, rupturing the matrimonial tie, ignoring the rights of property, claiming every

thing, however legally inherited or honestly acquired, and attempting even the lives of kings. These sinister agencies spring from the Reformation, which opened the sluice-gates of skepticism till godless governments have arisen wherein the Author and Redeemer of the world is ignored. Youth are trained to believe that man's destinies are bounded by the present, and without any hereafter; hence, the impatient and aggressive spirit which seeks its gratification at others' expense. The equality desiderated by the sects is contrary to Scripture. There are distinctions between the angels in heaven; *a fortiori*, must there be distinctions between men upon earth. When tyranny prevails, then the Church shields the oppressed. When the tyrant is too strong she enjoins resignation.

Christian marriage, and the subservience of woman to man, of the child to the parent, and of the servant to the master, are, according to Pope Leo, advocated only within the bounds of Romanism; and after pointing to it as the virtuous observance of the Church of Rome he goes on to show how such interdependence, rightly observed in the state as in the family, would operate on earth as it does in heaven. The property, of which Socialism is impatient, is corrected by the Church, which, besides her own charities, enjoins alms-giving on the rich, to whom she thus reconciles the poor. Such is the solution of the evils for which Socialism seeks a revolutionary remedy. Let, therefore, all the principalities and powers accept the Church, the safeguard of earthly, and the surety of heavenly things. The *Italie* (newspaper) regards the encyclical as an appeal to all Catholics to organize a crusade against modern institutions, and, with that object, to participate in political elections. The old spirit still dwells at Rome; give her only the power, and the wheels of time would have to turn back three centuries to save the Church from long-working decay and impending ruin.

TRAFFIC IN RELICS INTERDICTED.—The new Pope will surely never get his name into the Calendar of the Saints if he goes on so unrelentingly against all that was once considered sacred by Jesuit and Dominican. His last attack is on relics. He has issued an order prohibiting their sale. He says the traffic in relics has produced great scandal, and must be

put down. Think of it! What will our countrymen do who have hitherto enjoyed the pleasure of picking up so many of the most momentous relics of history? We had hoped to see the time when all the pieces of the cross on which our blessed Lord died for sinful man might have been gathered, and the original, in perfectly restored form, become the nucleus of a museum of sacred antiquity. The faithful are not permitted even to redeem relics that are known to be genuine, and how can we suppose for one moment that money will tempt Catholics of Rome to touch for filthy lucre's sake what the Holy Father has made a venal offense? Our hopes are now forever buried "in the brain of folly bred," and our dreams will never more "make the blood run red."

AFGHANISTAN OVERRUN BY THE BRITISH.—The way of the offender against England is hard. At least it looks now as though Shere Ali and his son Yakob Khan are not going to have an easy time in fighting England. General Roberts and General Stewart have made rapid advances, and as we write Kandahar is probably in the hands of the British forces under the latter general, while General Roberts, after wide excursions, returns to Koorum to make it the headquarters for future campaigning. The Ameer himself is on Russian territory, and by the time this number of the *REPOSITORY* goes to our readers Shere Ali will have reached St. Petersburg to invoke Russian mediation. He will probably then learn for the first time, what reaches us as we write, that he may enjoy Russian "hospitality" at St. Petersburg, but that "the idea of mediation is an illusion;" Russia and England are at sword's points, but they satisfy their grudge by spurring the ruler of Cabul.

"Helas! on voit que de tout temps,
Les petits ont pati des sottises des grands,"

which good French of La Fontaine in our bad English would read, "Alas! we see at all times that the little have suffered for the follies of the great."

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN SWEDEN.—Of all the nations of the north the Swedes have always borne a reputation second to none. Though much inferior in numbers to the Germans, these Scandinavians have yet maintained a commercial importance superior to their

continental cousins, and although their national history is not now written in such brilliant letters as it was two and three centuries ago, the Swedes have yet much as a nation to be proud of. They are industrious, honest, well-disposed, and progressive. Their educational system is especially noteworthy. It is one of the best if not the best in Europe to-day. It would be difficult to find in all Sweden one district where even one per cent

of the population are unable to read or write. Over one million dollars are annually expended for the common schools, and there are besides numerous institutions for agricultural and technical education, and two universities, one at Lund and the other at Upsala, which compare fairly with the German high-schools, or gymnasia, in regard to the amount of valuable research which is carried out in various departments.

ART.

OUR ART FUTURE.

A RECENT number of the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*, which ranks, perhaps, first among the German art journals, contains a long and very interesting letter from a correspondent in Boston, on the progress and present condition of the fine arts in America. Special attention is called to the growing interest manifested by the government in the fact that the "Commissioner of Education" gives annually more and more space to the consideration and discussion of this subject. Also much is said of the various efforts made in the States to elevate the standard of knowledge and taste by teaching drawing in the public-schools. The progress of pupils in these schools is represented as most encouraging when the very small amount of time given to this work is considered. This correspondent next takes notice of the various museums, art-schools, galleries, etc., which have been established, especially in the interest of art and art-education. The Boston Museum, in spite of the hard times, collected during the Summer of 1878, over half a million dollars for its special work; the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington, has a fund of one million dollars, and in 1876 expended over two hundred and ten thousand dollars. The Pennsylvania Art Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the Cooper's Institute for the instruction of women, and between thirty and forty other institutions, are doing much to elevate the public taste and furnish the means of art stimulus to the citizens of this country. Another subject to which this correspondent calls special attention is the rapidly growing art-literature of the United

States. True, most which has appeared is rather translations of foreign works or a reproduction of other men's thoughts; yet this wider distribution of good art-literature can not but help to a better knowledge of art history and a more thorough understanding of the principles of aesthetics, and thus furnish a more broad and secure foundation for future progress. A marked exception to a lack of originality is the work of General di Cesnola, which must rank among the very foremost of the original works of the past decade. This correspondent regards the progress made in America in engraving as something truly marvelous. The number and excellence of engravers and engraving in America may well be a subject of honest pride. Some of our artists have made a world-wide reputation in this line of work, and considering the stage of our national history, we may well rank among the very best in some departments of this beautiful art. The article is certainly on the whole very complimentary to our art workers, and expresses the belief that America is on the eve of a wonderful development in every department of the fine arts.

In former issues of the *REPOSITORY* we have expressed this same opinion. It has been based on the strangely diverse, but by no means necessarily, inharmonious elements which enter into American civilization; on the marvelously stimulating influences which our peculiar form of government and life furnishes; on the rapidly accumulating wealth of our citizens, by which they will, in the near future, become still more liberal patrons of native art of a high order; and on the increasing

attention which the government will surely give to art as the nation attains to a higher culture. It is well if our hard-working artists will see to it that they lay first a broad and deep foundation of general scholarship, so that their production shall be in the highest and best sense growths, and not mere mechanical combinations. Just here, we believe, is the lack which must be supplied. Most of the artists of America are wanting in that mental symmetry which comes alone from a liberal education, and consequently their works, while often marvels of technical skill, are greatly deficient in that depth and earnestness of treatment which come only from profound study of the philosophy of art. It is too generally supposed by the unthinking that skill in drawing and coloring are sufficient to make a good painter. This merely technical side of art is all-important, but as necessary is the most careful study of the *content* of the work. Body and spirit, form and content, conception and execution—these are the necessary complements of each other. The time is hastening when the clearly formed conception, the engrossing content, the animating spirit of art, shall assume their proper place in the curriculum of our art schools, and exercise their wholesome influence on the younger American artists.

THE NUDE IN ART AGAIN.

IN a former number of the *REPOSITORY* (January, 1877) we discussed this subject, and tried to point out the proper limitations and guiding principles. *Appleton's Journal* also contains a statement on this subject from another stand-point, which it is well for artists properly to heed. There is a strong tendency among certain members of the art profession to disregard the feelings of a large class of our purest and best men and women, and offend needlessly the delicacy of the American taste by indulging the portrayal of nude figures in painting and statuary. The point made by this writer is worthy of careful attention, and the discrimination drawn between the relation of the academician and the general observer is eminently just. The dictum of the studios is that not only is it proper to depict the human figure "as God made it," but that he who shrinks from displays of this kind, who questions their righteousness, who believes or fears that they do not exercise a good influence upon the imaginations of im-

pressible people, is not only a Philistine, but a prurient one; he is a person whose carnal tendencies have not been chastened and purified in the high atmosphere of the Bohemian attic. The attitude of the artist is necessarily different from that of the layman, and explains his views of the subject. It is affirmed that it is impossible to learn to draw a draped figure accurately without a knowledge of the conformation beneath. If this is true, life-schools are necessary, and it is easy to see how pupils at these schools may draw from models without falling under the influences which nude art exercises in public galleries. The artist here is on common ground with the surgeon or physician in many delicate duties, when an important and special purpose dominates all other ideas. The student is delighted with the admirable lines and curves of the human figure; he is struggling to master the difficulties of form and expression, and hence his attitude is wholly academic. But he is in error when he assumes that this academic relation to art does or can exist among laymen. The feelings that a beautiful form excites in an artist are certain to be different from those which spring up in the breast of the ordinary observer, who is sure not to be occupied with questions of execution or artistic scholarship, but with the emotions which take possession of him. The affirmation so often made that nudity of art is to be accepted because "to the pure all things are pure," seems to us very foolish. It is just because we are not in this sense pure that the propriety of nude art is questioned. Sexual passion is implanted in all healthy natures, which it behooves us to keep under healthy subjection, and in order to do this it is only wise to avoid temptation in every form.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

THE report of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Academy of fine Arts in Philadelphia shows that the affairs of that institution are in excellent condition. During the last year the schools of the Academy cost about \$4,000. The total receipts were \$5,971.82, and the total expenses, \$25,297.13. The average daily attendance of pupils was nearly 100, and the maximum daily attendance 140. The Academy has suffered the embarrassment felt by all enterprises which have to manage real estate. The depression of the times has

caused a burden to be borne which has increased the labor and responsibility of the management; but the good work done by these honest and well-directed efforts must be at least a partial remuneration for these added labors. Five hundred and twenty-four works of art have been lent to the Academy during the year; 974 were returned to owners, and 298 are now on exhibition. Thirteen paintings and four pieces of sculpture were presented to the institution.

EXCAVATIONS AT TARQUINIA.

WE live in an age when the buried treasures on sites of old civilizations have been laid bare, and the record which they contained has been interpreted by the patient scholar. Already the accumulations of these art and archaeological remains are such as to surprise the uninitiated. Still there seems no cessation of wonders which the buried centuries are forced to yield to the intelligent and patient explorer. Among the most interesting discoveries recently made are those on the site of ancient Tarquinia, in Italy, situated most beautifully on a hill commanding a view of the sea, not far from the modern town of Corneto. The German Archaeological Society, whose rooms are on Monte Tarpeo, and whose efforts have continued more than half a century, has done very much to encourage further explorations, and to conserve to science the results of these excavations. Through their *Journal* the scholarly public is kept well informed of the progress of discovery. Through this channel we learn of the rich returns which the excavations of the above-mentioned Etruscan city are yielding. The amount of treasures is so great that the city council of Corneto has gathered them into a museum. Some of the busts there discovered are said to reveal a very high order of manly and womanly dignity and beauty. Indeed, the type of feature and of character is said, by the Cavaliere D'Asti, mayor of the town, who has written an interesting book on this subject, to be different from, and superior to, the portrait busts of the ancient Roman matrons which we find in the museums. A company of twelve capitalists are proceeding with the excavations under rules furnished by the Archaeological Commission, and it is thus hoped that soon Tarquinia will be laid open to the public as is now Pompeii; but the Etrus-

can town had been in existence a thousand years when Pompeii was engulfed. These excavations promise to be of invaluable service in more clearly understanding some points in Etruscan life and art, which have hitherto remained somewhat obscure.

ART LOAN EXHIBITIONS IN VILLAGES.

THE recent successful art loan exhibitions in our large cities suggest the possibility of a like effort in the smaller cities and even in villages of two thousand to four thousand population. As a means of art culture and stimulus these would prove invaluable. Few who have had any part in the management of these exhibitions, that are not surprised at the richness and extent of a collection of art works and *bric-a-brac* which may be gathered from almost any of our towns of five thousand inhabitants. Nearly every family of any standing has one or more paintings or engravings of very considerable excellence; many own some one work of high art; while from nearly every respectable household can be gathered objects of true beauty and artistic interest. Old relics are found in places least suspected. Heir-looms, curious and quaint, are smuggled away in out-of-the-way corners; pottery, which now is found to possess a very great market value; decorations, which the deft fingers of woman have wrought; all these, and much more could be gathered into some public place for the interest and instruction of a community for a week. The amount of information thus gathered is very considerable, the questions in art history, in methods of engraving, in decoration, in history of relics, etc., which are asked and answered, contribute to the artistic and mental stimulus, while some worthy charity might also be benefited. All that is needed to push such enterprises to a successful conclusion are two or three bright, enthusiastic women, who will soon call to their aid the willing hands of any needed number of assistants. Thus can a sensible, instructive, and educating loan exhibition easily be made to take the place of some frivolous or even damaging recreations in many of our larger villages.

WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

THE growing attention given to the construction of tenement houses and homes for workmen, is one of the most hopeful signs of

the progress of public sentiment in our large cities. Many thoughtful citizens are becoming convinced that good homes for tenants are not only a blessing to the occupants themselves, but the best financial investment which capitalists can make. Filthy streets, defective drainage, and choked sewers are coming to be regarded as not only fatal to public health, but also as the greatest robbers of the incomes of heartless and niggardly landlords. The prize of five hundred dollars recently offered by a company of gentlemen in New York for the best designs, etc., for a tenement house resulted in the production of one hundred and eighty-one designs from some of our best architects.

These were, for some time, on exhibition at the rooms of Messrs. Leavitt & Co., and attracted much attention from a very large class of interested visitors. Such efforts to introduce a better and more tasteful workman's tenement must result in good to both capitalist and laborer. The superior surroundings must tend to elevate the tastes and refine the feelings of the tenant, and thus, in turn, a more careful attention will be given to other and more rational wants of his family. None can doubt but that the refining influence of these better tenements would also tell favorably on the decrease of pauperism and the diminution of the tax rates.

NATURE.

POPULAR ERRORS REGARDING PAPYRUS.—In Adam's "Roman Antiquities" the Egyptian papyrus plant is described as about ten cubits high, and as having coats or skins one above another like an onion, which coats were peeled off with a pin in the process of paper making. In Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," it is said that the papyrus tree grows in swamps to the height of ten feet or more, and paper was prepared from the thin coats or pellicles which surround the plant. Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon says that paper was made of the inner bark of the papyrus. And similarly other works of high character, encyclopædias, and the like, give a false account of this interesting plant.

Calling attention to these misstatements, in the *Library Journal*, Mr. Ezra Abbot, of Harvard University, says: "The papyrus plant (*Cyperus papyrus* of Linneus, or *Papyrus antiquorum*, Willd.) belongs to the family of *Cyperaceæ*, or Sedges. It is an endogenous plant, with a triangular stem; and to talk about its 'inner bark,' and 'layers' like the coats of an onion, is a simple absurdity. One might as well speak of 'the inner bark' of a stalk of Indian corn or of a bulrush. The error has originated from ignorance or forgetfulness of the elements of botany, and the consequent misinterpretation of the passage in Pliny, which is our chief source of information about the ancient manufacture of paper from this

plant. One of the words which Pliny uses to describe the very thin strips into which the cellular substance of the stem was sliced in making the paper is *philyra*, which strictly denotes the inner bark of the linden tree, also employed as a writing material. Hence the papyrus has been conceived of as an exogenous plant, with its outer and inner bark, and has actually been called a 'tree.' The botanists of course have not made such a mistake."

Mr. Abbot points out a still more absurd mistake in the English translation of Guhl and Koner's "Life of the Greeks and Romans," which says: "The stalk . . . was cut longitudinally, after which the outer bark was first taken off; the remaining layers of bark, about twenty in number (*philyræ*), were carefully severed with a pin, and afterward the single strips plaited crosswise; by means of pressing and permeating the whole with lime-water, the necessary consistency of the material was obtained." The word mistranslated lime-water is *leimwasser*, which means glue-water.

NECESSITY OF DISINFECTION.—Malarial, typhoid, and yellow fevers, and diphtheria grow out of or are nourished by general conditions of air, soil, and food, for which an individual is hardly to be held responsible. But scarlet fever, like small-pox, must, as a rule, be communicated by direct contact with par-

ticles of the desquamated skin thrown off by the patient, or with some article of clothing which he has worn. It is possible so to isolate a patient and disinfect the air of the house, that the disease may be promptly held and extinguished. A child attacked by it should be removed into a chamber from which the carpet and all other woollen articles have been removed. He and his attendant should be wholly separated from the rest of the family. When he is convalescent the apartment should be thoroughly disinfected, the paper on the walls removed, the ceiling washed, the bedding destroyed, and every article, however small, which can not be sacrificed, fumigated. The disease has been communicated by means of books or a piece of flannel after the lapse of a year. No doubt these precautions seem absurd to the busy matron who nurses her baby with the scarlet fever in the midst of a throng of other children and sympathizing neighbors. But they are surely preferable to the triumphant career of the disease through the whole household or street. In England this murder of the innocents is held in check by legal authority. A house in which a case occurs passes under the control of municipal rules, and its isolation and disinfection are compelled, though not half strictly enough. The free-born American as yet resents any interference with his household arrangements on behalf of the public health. His drains, his foul smells, and his diseases are his private property, and nobody shall hinder him if he chooses to scatter death with them on every hand. Common sense advances likes every other civilizing agent, and it will not long tolerate this suicidal folly.

COLDS.—A cold would be more easily understood if it were not utterly misnamed. It is cold that produces the disease; the disease itself is a fever, and, while it is commonly produced by cold in some form, it may be produced quite independently of cold. The mischief that is done lies exclusively in the shutting up of the millions of pores, each one of which is a sewer through which a large share of the dead and poisonous waste matter in the body must be drained off. When the surface of the body is chilled these pores are instantly and automatically closed, and the result is a universal constipation. This great mass of waste mat-

ter is shut back, not only within the body, but upon its vital parts, for it begins immediately to be reabsorbed and put into the general circulation, and being as distinct a poison as any drug the whole body begins at once to sicken. Any thing, then, will cure a cold which will undo the mischief that has been done; that is, which will open the pores that have been thus suddenly closed. We know of nothing else so good in ordinary cases as to soak the patient's feet in four or five quarts of very hot water, just as hot as it can be borne, taking care to renew the supply as fast as it cools. When used promptly and with good judgment in the management of collateral conditions, this will rarely fail; if it seems to fail it is only necessary to extend the treatment. Let the patient be thoroughly washed in a warm room with warm water, and vigorously rubbed with coarse towels, and then put to bed under blankets so abundant as to insure the development of a free perspiration, care being taken to supply him with all the cold water he may desire to drink. The perspiration thus developed should be continued until he is conscious of a thorough sense of relief; afterward by a gradual reduction of the bulk of the bed-clothing and the exercise of ordinary prudence he may be readjusted to the usual temperatures.

AERIAL TELEGRAPHY.—Professor Loomis, of Washington, appears to be still enthusiastically carrying on his experiments in aerial telegraphy in West Virginia. Aerial telegraphy is based on the theory that at certain elevations there is a natural electric current, by taking advantage of which wires may be wholly dispensed with. It is said that he has telegraphed as far as eleven miles by means of kites flown with copper wire. When the kites reached the same altitude or got into the same current, communication by means of an instrument similar to the Morse instrument was easy and perfect, but ceased as soon as one of the kites was lowered. He has built towers on two hills about twenty miles apart, and from the tops of them run up steel rods into the region of the electric current. The professor announces that he has recently discovered that the telephone can be used for this method of communication as well as telegraphic instruments, and that of late he has done all his talking with his assistant, twenty miles away,

by telephone, the connection being aerial only. He claims that he can telegraph across the sea without other wires than those necessary to reach the elevation of the current. There seems no immediate probability, however, of our getting on without poles and wire and ocean cables.

BRIER ROOT PIPES.—Much of the wood used for making the so-called "brier root" pipes is derived, it appears from Corsica. The white heath, or *bruyère*—of which "brier" is a corruption—grows in great luxuriance and very abundantly among the trees and shrubs which form what is called the "maquis," covering the mountain sides. In the course of the last few years, since brier wood pipes have become such a large article of trade, the heath trees have become a source of lucrative industry. The roots are dug up and cut into rough forms of tobacco-pipes by circular saws worked by the water power of the mountain streams. The pieces, when cut up, are sent in sacks to France, and thence to America, to be eventually manufactured into "brier root pipes."

CINCINNATI FAIENCE.—The fine enameled ware known as Cincinnati faience originated with Miss M. Louise M'Laughlin, of that city, whose experiments were first successful in 1877. It is fired in a kiln at the temperature of 9,000°, the famed Limoges faience of France being fired to no more than 5,400°. The enamel of Cincinnati faience is exceedingly brilliant in color, and so hard that the point of any steel instrument is said to make no impression upon it. This invention is indirectly a result of the excellent schools of design for which Cincinnati is justly honored.

DEFECTIVE VISION.—In the *Journal de Physique*, M. Javal has recently discussed the subject of "astigmatism" in a very interesting manner. He believes that many more persons suffer from this defect of vision than is usually supposed—suffer without knowing it. He proposes as a very simple test of this that an equal number of lines, of equal distances and equal thickness, be ruled vertically and horizontally on a sheet of paper, side by side; and, after the lines have been looked at, and the apparently more distinct fixed on, then the sheet should be turned ninety degrees. The vertical lines then become horizontal, and it

is a check against any inaccuracy in ruling, if, with the changed position, the same result with regard to the then vertical and horizontal lines is noticed. When people are once convinced of their astigmatism, they probably want to be assisted by glasses. M. Javal points out how very few opticians know how to test the kind of glasses needed, and furnishes this method: He draws a number of lines radiating from a point at fixed angular distances; these are to be looked at with a succession of lenses of different convexity, till one is reached that restores at a fixed distance the image lost to the naked eye.

ADULTERATED FOOD.—The sanitary care taken by some countries to prevent the sale of other than healthful articles of food seems to drive the professional "doctors" of groceries to the open and inviting field which our free and easy country affords. The importation of glucose is set down at \$233,366 for this year, as against \$2,335 last year. It pays no duty, and is said to be chiefly used to increase the stock of molasses. French and German chemists make it from starch, and also from old rags treated with sulphuric acid and lime. If the acid is not fully neutralized by the lime, a knife-blade dipped in the adulterated syrup will be discolored within two minutes, and delicate stomachs are equally sensitive to its "bite."

EFFICIENT LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—At the recent meeting of the British Association, Dr. Richard Anderson, of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers, read a paper on lightning conductors, which contained some sound advice as to the prevention of casualties in thunderstorms. "First of all," he said, "it is desirable that public recommendation should be made, by local and other authorities, to place lightning conductors on all exposed or high-lying buildings whether public or private, as well as on those standing near woods and on moist ground. It might be well worth the trifling expense to place simple conductors also against trees in parks, under which there are benches, or where persons are likely to gather during a thunder-storm, they forming a prolific source of fatal accidents. Above all, no church, chapel, school, prison, or other large public building ought to be without one or more lightning conductors. But if it is

necessary to multiply greatly lightning conductors, it is equally so that they should be planned, erected, and also periodically tested by competent persons, with scientific as well as practical knowledge of the work. The testing should take place before the advent of the Summer thunder-storms, and it should be likewise be made whenever a building has been undergoing repairs which may have damaged the conductor. A well organized system of

inspection of lightning conductors would be most inexpensive. The galvanometer used for the purpose has been latterly much improved in Germany, and small, portable instruments, of the size of a diminutive carpet-bag, are now made, which leave nothing to be desired in the shape both of effectiveness and durability. Already such a system of inspection and testing of conductors exists in Paris and several other French towns."

RELIGIOUS.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.—There is something shocking to our natural instincts in the "damnation" of unbaptized infants, understood in a coarse and popular sense, as when, e. g., Calvin, or one of his followers speaks in perfect consistency with the principles of his horrible theology of "babes a span long crawling about the floor of hell." Oxenham, in his great work on "Future Retribution," is therefore at the trouble to point out that the Church Catholic never indorsed such monstrous teachings, and we are reminded of his work by the discussion now called up in the Baptist Church, of which our readers have probably taken notice. The old notion against infant baptism is being revived in full force, and the ground taken that if children die unbaptized, and therefore, unregenerate there can not be salvation for them. In one sense the discussion will certainly do good; it will put an end to the inconsistent position of our Baptist friends who cry out against the baptism of infants, and at the same time teach the necessity of receiving this ordinance to insure salvation. However the discussion may end, whether in the abandonment of close communion or in the acceptance of infant baptism, the facts brought out by Oxenham are worth noticing in this connection. He says that according to Sarpi the Tridentine fathers hesitated whether they should not condemn this Lutheran and Calvinist tenet of the fiery torment of unchristened infants as a formal heresy. St. Bernard, who is quoted by Jeremy Taylor, had said four centuries before, "*Nihil ardet in inferno nisi propria voluntas.*" If our Baptist brethren can not, for consistency's sake, abandon the doctrine

of infant damnation, might it not be as well to take refuge again in the sacramental idea, and teach as Oxenham does? Here is what this Catholic theologian has to offer. Unbaptized infants who have been raised by no sacrament from the condition of original sin, and who, dying before the use of reason, have had no opportunity of corresponding with grace, are indeed "damned" in the sense that they can not attain to the beatific vision, for which their natural capacities do not qualify them. As they had not been raised on earth to the state of supernatural grace, they have no aptitude for the life of supernatural glory. And this is, of course, in itself a most momentous "loss" (or damnation), as compared with the future state of the glorified. But it is no conscious loss to them. Still less does it imply any suffering of body or soul. On the contrary, it is consistent with the highest enjoyment of natural beatitude, and with a natural knowledge and love of God. They are in what would have been Adam's condition if he had neither fallen into sin nor been endowed with original righteousness.

A JEWISH ORGANIZATION FOR BROTHERLY PROTECTION.—Such is the *Benai Berith*, whose conference was recently held at Philadelphia, to perfect the organization and extend its usefulness over all American Judaism. Secret in their workings, "The Sons of the Covenant," for such is the meaning of their Hebrew name, aim only at the protection and furtherance of all Jewish interests. Aggressiveness is not a characteristic of Judaism, and it is least so in our country. Indeed, the sons of the Berith

even discussed the feasibility of extending the right of membership to those of other faith—a proposition which was, however, and wisely we think, voted down in the convention. There are organizations whose usefulness can never be advantageously extended beyond the limits for which their original conception designed them, and this covenant, aiming at the amelioration of the children of the Old Testament on this side of the Atlantic, can hardly afford to open its doors to Protestant Christians, or even those of no faith whatsoever. When death strikes down any one of its members the brothers come to the burial, and provide both means and succor. Yet liberal as we believe the Jews to be, especially in America, it is hardly to be expected that they shall bear patiently to the grave those who either discard all demonstrations of religious faith or whose superstitious practices are in strong contrast with Jewish simplicity. We could easily get the Jewish brethren to consent to our devout acts at the grave, but why should we ask the door of the "Benai Berith" to be opened just wide enough for us Methodists, or even for all Protestants, to slip in? Rather say we, let Jews go on in their distinctive social organizations until a change of heart shall wed them to a common brotherhood in Christ, who died not for the Greek, nor for the Gentile, nor even yet for the Jew, but for all born of a woman. May it be that, seven years hence, when the next conference of the "Benai Berith" convenes, it shall be for the abandonment of the narrow bounds of the law to the full acceptance of the unconfined limits of the Gospel.

LOUD PREACHING.—Our Discipline, wisely we think, remonstrates with those preachers who are a little inclined to make too much capital of their lungs and throat. But the Discipline is in some instances a dead letter, and so we have, as a denomination, a rather large number of *loud* preachers. One of these good brethren is thus sarcastically taken to task in the New Milford (Connecticut) *Register*: "Those who heard Rev. Mr. Range speak in the Methodist Church a few weeks ago doubtless noticed that he has a voice which could easily be heard in any hall, however large; but they can have no idea how loud he can speak when occasion requires. One Sunday he exchanged with a brother minister, and

on his way to the church he came across a man who was exceedingly deaf, and who neglected Church because he could n't hear the minister. He expressed a very strong wish to hear Mr. Range, and the latter told him to come, to take a seat near him, and he thought he could make him hear. The man did as suggested, and Mr. Range put a little extra force into his words. After the meeting, seeing the deaf man he said: 'Well, brother, could you hear?' 'Hear! hear!' said the man, 'if I was ever grateful for any thing, it was that I was a little deaf.'"

SENSATIONAL PREACHING.—There is great danger that our city pulpits will fall a prey to the mania of sensational preaching. Until within a very recent period this sort of thing was foreign to the Methodist pulpit. The "Tabernacles," which have so largely depended for continued success (if success it be to draw crowds) upon their flaming and striking advertisements of the great things to be said and done in their pulpits, have finally influenced city preachers of all denominations to such a considerable extent that the secular press begins to take notice of this strange practice. That staid old "Boston Review," now domiciled in New York with the Appletons, the "North American Review," has also something to say against the sensationalism of the modern pulpit, and puts it so well that we make room here for its best points as they strike us. "The sensational preacher," says the Review, "is apt to think more of saying a 'smart,' a 'telling,' or a 'taking' thing than of communicating the truth. In this way he uses extravagant epithets, gives exaggerated descriptions, and magnifies or distorts features for the sake of effect. Even so noble a man as Thomas Guthrie once said, in regard to the preparation of a sermon, 'It is like the drop-scene in a theater, and you must lay on the color thick.' But with all deference to such an authority, that advice is exceedingly pernicious. For he who consciously exaggerates does at the same time blunt the edge of his conscience; every time he deviates from or adds to the real state of the case, he makes himself a worse man. Truth is the girdle of character, and he who loosens that is on the way to looseness in other departments of morality. He is on an inclined plane, and

may some day produce the biggest sensation of his life by a terrible fiasco. For the temptation is to go on. His hearers become accustomed to the dose, the appetite 'grows by what it feeds on,' and in order to have the effects which were at first produced, they crave for something stronger. He seeks to meet that new demand just as he sought to meet the first, and so it increases, until the flippant has become the irreverent, and the irreverent has become the profane, and the profane becomes the impure; or until the odd has become the heretical, and the man who began with throwing aside conventionalities ends by parting with the central verities of the Gospel. We do not affirm that all this has actually happened in any individual case; but the drift and tendency of sensationalism are in that direction; and, in a day when some who are guilty of it are riding on the top of the wave, it is proper to warn young preachers of the peril that is incurred by entering on such a course."

LARGE CHURCHES.—We are building some pretty large churches this side of the Atlantic. The Episcopalians have begun cathedrals, and Romanists have raised two of considerable dimensions. But, after all, what is the Baltimore, or even the New York, cathedral by the side of St. Mark's of Venice, where seven thousand people have ample space; or by the side of the Pisa cathedral, which is twice the size of the Venetian, and can admit thirteen thousand people? Yet these are only the smaller ones of Europe's ecclesiastical giant structures. The Notre Dame, in Paris, has place for twenty-one thousand; St. Sophia, in Constantinople, for twenty-three thousand; St. Paul's, in London, for twenty-five thousand; and the Cathedral of Milan for thirty-seven thousand. But even these churches are not of much size by the side of St. Peter's at Rome, where fifty-four thousand people can find comfortable admission.

FATHER HYACINTHE'S CHURCH.—The long dream of Père Hyacinthe is realized. At last he has a church where he may gather those who are willing to be led by him. The building was formerly a theater, and thus the transformation of a place of revelry into a house of God is of itself a victory. Loyson has all the vigor of a reformer, and who knows but

this may turn out after all the first step toward a great reformatory movement in the Catholic Church of France? It is to be regretted that the two or three Protestant bishops who promised to be present were prevented from attending the opening and dedicatory services.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS IN GERMANY.—Young Men's Christian Associations do not flourish much outside of America. They exist in England and on the Continent, especially in Germany; but in their purport and method they are altogether unlike our own. In Germany, where the first "Jünglingsverein" was organized in 1831, there are now one hundred and fifty of them, with six thousand membership. But their principal object is not charity and advancement of Christian interests, but rather the amusement and general affiliation of the young people who belong to the Christian Church. In many of these "Vereine" Sunday afternoon is devoted to athletic exercises, and, of course, the never-wanting beer glass is frequently replenished in the interval of the "Turn Uebungen," as they call these exercises.

METHODIST PROTESTANTS.—If any one wishes to get a moderately accurate count of the many different branches of Methodists that grand old Wesleyan tree can boast of, let him take up a Cyclopædia, say the American, and count those not given as at least as many as those mentioned. We are reminded of the rapid growth of our Church by the recent publication of the statistics of the reunited Methodist Protestant Church. Its five conferences of a dozen years ago have increased to forty-four, to which one thousand two hundred itinerants owe allegiance, and one hundred and thirty thousand members now give support. And this body is one of the twigs of the Wesleyan trunk.

WESLEY'S INCREASE IN ENGLAND.—When John Wesley died in 1791 he left 70,000 followers in England. Since then the smallest decennial increase has been 25,419. The increase for the last decade, has been 32,405, and the original number has been multiplied by five.

THE APOSTLES' CREED IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Congregationalists are discussing the propriety of using the Apostles'

Creed, and this discussion has brought out new light on the origin and history of this Creed. Before the middle of the seventeenth century it had been a belief among Christians that it was composed by the twelve apostles at Jerusalem, according to an old Catholic tradition, on the Day of Pentecost, as a means of securing unity in their teachings. Modern investigation has, however, brought out the theory that while the first natural suggestion of the Creed was from Peter's confession (Matt. xvi, 16) the Creed was really four or five hundred years in process of formation before it assumed the shape in which it is now familiar. Dr. Schaff, in his recent work on the "Creeds of Christendom," is of the opinion that in its present complete form it can hardly be traced beyond the sixth, certainly not beyond the fifth century, and the other forms in the Latin

Church were not completed until the close of the eighth century. The *Congregationalist* thinks that "in its place and with a proper understanding" there can be "no reasonable objection to its use by Congregational Churches; but that, on the other hand, such a guarded and well regulated use may be desirable for them."

OUR HEATHEN CHINESE.—In connection with the Chinese question the following statistics of the Chinese population in San Francisco and their callings will be of interest: Merchants and professional men, 1,000; cigar-makers, 5,000; laundrymen, 1,500; servants, 7,000; boot and shoe makers, 2,000; slipper makers, 800; gamblers, 1,400; makers of clothing, 3,000; peddlers, 2,500; fishermen, 1,000; laborers, 1,000; other occupations, 3,800; women, 2,000. Total, 32,000.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

SPANISH COMPLIMENTS.—The illustrious German poet of Faust says that men usually believe when they hear words that there must be some thought in them:

"Gewöhnlich glaubt der Mensch, wenn er Wort hort,
Es müsse sich dabei doch auch was denken lassen;"

but the Spaniards and French often say things for mere politeness' sake. We are reminded of this by a most urgent invitation we once had from the well-known Parisian book publisher, M. Garnier, to dine with him. Our better half happened to be a party to it, and when our honest German heartiness could no longer withstand the repeated solicitations, the keen perceptions of our good "frow" helped us out of the dilemma by a most positive refusal, the woman seeing clearly in the gallant Frenchman's eye the hope of our final adieu *sans diner*. A writer in the English *All the Year Round* tells us of a similar emptiness in an Iberian invitation. A stranger is just rising from a fonda dinner-table, perfectly satisfied, and with his whole mind bent on the little cup of coffee that invariably follows dessert on the Continent and on digestion. Before he has well pushed back his chair a new guest enters, and takes his place at a cover which has been prepared for him. Prior to dipping his spoon in the soup, the last men-

tioned, with a bow and imposing flourish, will address him who has just dined as follows: "*Le gustar a usted repetir, caballero?*" which means, "Will it please you to re-commence." The stereotyped answer to such an invitation is "*Muchas gracias, caballero, buen provecho*" ("Many thanks; may you profit by the meal.") Now, this certainly had no meaning. The man who is about to dine knows well enough that he who had just satisfied his hunger would not dream of beginning again, unless he happened to be a most surprising glutton; and though he studiously replies to the compliment, he is utterly indifferent as to whether the repast be followed by an indigestion or not. And yet these two men would regard each other as awfully ill-bred were the form not gone through. Again, you may, perhaps, incautiously admire a handsomely mounted walking-stick, upon which its possessor, presenting it, says: "*A la disposicion de usted*" ("It is entirely at your service"), and even presses it upon you. Of course, you know he means nothing of the kind, and you reply that it could not be in better hands.

MUSIC AND ANIMALS.—It has long been an open question whether animals are really capable of appreciating music. Darwin has

been most pronounced in his belief of the affirmation of this question, and has generally left the impression that he has been not only a recent investigator, but the only one who has come to any positive conclusions. Yet we meet with a discussion over a century ago in France. In the *Décade Philosophique* there is an account of a concert given to a male and female elephant, Hans and Marguerite, on the 10th Prairial, in the year VI, at the Jardin des Plantes. The orchestra, composed entirely of first-rate musicians, was placed around a trap-door in the roof of the elephants' house. When the music first began the animals were extremely disquieted, but they gradually began to express pleasure, and when a dance of Glück in *B minor* was played they followed its movements with their trunks and bodies. Another air in a minor key, of a tender nature, delighted them yet more; but *Ça ira*, played in *D*, they evidently hated. After they had been soothed with another soft melody *Ça ira* was played again in *F*, and to this they paid no kind of attention. "From these experiments," says M. Colomb, "we can draw interesting conclusions. In the first place, it was not only rhythm that excited the elephants, since they were moved by or indifferent to the same air, according to the key in which it was played. Secondly, it was not only the key which moved them, since different airs played in the same key had quite different effects. It must be, then, that they had, to quote from Fétis, '*Sinon discernement, au moins perception de la combinaison de ces choses, et sensation distincte bien qu'irréfléchie.*'" Other curious experiments have been made in this direction, and are recorded by M. Colomb. Grétry made some with canaries, and was led by them to compose a canon for the special use of canaries, which M. Colomb reproduces for the benefit of any one who will take the time and trouble to teach several canaries to sing it.

INTEMPERANCE WAS ALWAYS OFFENSIVE.—The offense of drunkenness was a source of great perplexity to the ancients, who tried every possible way of dealing with it. If none succeeded, it was probably because they did not begin early enough, by intercepting some of the ways and means by which the insidious vice is incited and propagated. Severe treat-

ment was often tried to little effect. The Locrisians, under Talencus, made it a capital offense to drink wine if it was not mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempted from punishment, unless by the order of a physician. Pittacus, of Mitylene, made a law that he who when drunk committed any offense should suffer double the punishment which he would do if sober; and Plato, Aristotle and Plutarch applauded this as the height of wisdom. The Roman censors could expel a senator for being drunk, and take away his house. Mahomet ordered drunkards to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Other nations thought of limiting the quantity to be drunk at one time or at one sitting. The Egyptians put some limit, though what is not stated. The Spartans also had some limit. The Arabians fixed the quantity at twelve glasses a man, but the size of the glass was, unfortunately, not clearly defined by the historian. The Anglo-Saxons went no further than to order silver nails to be fixed on the side of the drinking cups, so that each might know the proper measure. And it is said that this was done by King Edgar after noticing the drunkenness of the Danes. Lycurgus of Thrace went to the root of the matter by ordering the vines to be cut down. His conduct was imitated in 704, by Terbulus of Bulgaria. The Suevi prohibited wine to be imported, and the Spartans tried to turn the vice into contempt by systematically making their slaves drunk once a year, to show their children how foolish and contemptible men looked in that state. Drunkenness was deemed much more vicious in some classes of persons than in others. The ancient Indians held it lawful to kill a king when he was drunk. The Athenians made it a capital offense for a magistrate to be drunk, and Charlemagne imitated this by a law that judges on the bench and pleaders should do their business fasting. The Carthaginians prohibited magistrates, governors, soldiers, and servants from any drinking. The Scots, in the second century, made it a capital offense for magistrates to be drunk, and Constantine Second, of Scotland, 1161, extended a like punishment to young people.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AT WORK.—Now that Hoedel and consorts have failed in their murderous task, and Germany has its aged ruler

back at the capital and at work, it may not be out of place here to reproduce the correspondence of the *London Globe*, which recounts how the old emperor of eighty-two Summers bears the burdens of State at Berlin.

"His Majesty's standard is again floating over his palace, and every thing in the imperial household has resumed its customary appearance. At noon, when the soldiers, on mounting duty, pass the Linden, the emperor never fails to look at them from the corner window of his study, where his face may also frequently be perceived by the many people coming from far and near to have a glimpse of their revered sovereign. Not heeding the admonitions of his physicians, he has undertaken the full burden of government. From early morning to a comparatively late hour of the evening, the Kaiser is busily occupying himself with the discharge of the affairs of State. The only relaxation he allows himself consists in a drive through the Thiergarten, generally between the hours of two and three. Not the least precaution is observed by him in these open air exercises. He is always accompanied by one of his adjutants on duty, who have pledged their word to each other never to leave him alone in his rides or drives. A great many deputations were received by the emperor since his return to the capital. Besides the municipal authorities, the rector and senate of the Berlin University, and representatives of various corporations, his Majesty granted an audience to the whole diplomatic corps accredited here, including the ambassadors, ministers, and heads of foreign missions. They were conducted into the imperial presence by Lord Odo Russell, their *doyen*, who, on the previous day, had by special command of the Queen and the British Government, tendered to the emperor their heartiest congratulations on his recovery and return to the helm of State."

HOW ROMANISTS GREET PROTESTANTS AT ROME.—Tolerance was never assigned its birth in the lap of Romanism. But then we have always given even the Church of Rome credit for a faint sense of civility at the Eternal City. That consideration too is lost out of sight when the Protestants are to be made mention of. Thus a Catholic newspaper, published at Rome, had occasion recently to speak of the

new religious movement then in progress, and it took pains to put its information in the following manner: "After eight years of effort by British and American Protestants, and notwithstanding the motley elements to be found in Rome, with its two hundred and eighty-six thousand inhabitants, these missionaries of Satan have scarcely inscribed seven hundred persons on their tables of perdition, while in other Italian towns the failure has been even greater." We shall see what failures the Word of God has in the mouth of the babes of the *Evangelical Church*.

EXPOSURE OF ST. XAVIER'S REMAINS.—To be a Romish priest and to effect great things and lead a devout life is a most uncomfortable assurance to a man who likes to feel that the rest of his hereafter is to be undisturbed. Once adjudged a saint every bone becomes a precious relic, and it is about as difficult to tell where the body may bring up as it would be for us to predict where A. T. Stewart's remains have found their last earthly resting place. There was, for example, Francis Xavier. No more devout Romanist ever labored in heathen lands for the building up of Christian truth. He fell at his post in China in 1552. In 1619 Pope Paul V recognized the zeal of this missionary, and his memory was beatified. In 1622 Pope Gregory XV canonized this "apostle of the Indies," as he is usually called, and most appropriately, for he is said to have planted the faith in fifty-two different kingdoms, preached the Gospel through nine thousand miles of territory, and baptized more than one million persons. Once made a saint the grave of St. Xavier became a most fit resort for pilgrim devotees, and so many miracles are said to have been wrought at his tomb that the remains are now and then exposed to the gaze of the superstitious multitude. He died on the isle of Sancian, near the Chinese coast, while on his way from Japan. His remains were taken to the city of New Goa, the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India, and about every twenty years he is brought to the light of day. A few months ago such an exposure was made. The one before that occurred in 1855.

PAPER MONEY OF OUR FATHERS.—One of the earliest pieces of paper money ever made in this country was the work of Franklin's

press. It was printed in 1764, and represented three pence. In size it was three inches by two, and had the superscription, "Three pence. 73,319. Three pence. This bill shall pass current for 3 pence within the Province of Pennsylvania, according to an Act of Assembly made in the 4th year of King George III. Dated the 18th day of June, 1764. Three pence. J. W. Wharton." In the lower left hand corner were the English coat-of-arms. Copies of this relic of greenbackism are very rare, if, indeed, this one be not the only copy known. It is owned in Philadelphia, and was found in Chester several years ago by some workmen who were examining the interior of an underground vault.

MODEST WOMEN CAPABLE OF HOLDING ANY PLACE.—In our days of progress much is said about woman's unfitness for some of the higher professions, and yet Mrs. Clara S. Folz, a lady jurist, is practicing law in San Francisco, and,

judging from report, she has gone about her business in as practical and reasonable a manner as any man ever did. She is described as sitting in her office at a table covered with legal works, a bright, fair-haired, rosy-featured, cheerful, matronly woman, neatly attired in a dress of dark material, over which was worn a most non-judicial checkered apron. To an interviewer she said: "There is nothing to be said about me. I originated from the cradle, the wash-tub, the sewing machine, and the cooking-stove. I have educated myself, and am now trying to earn a living for myself and little ones by practicing law, and I mean to succeed, and that's all there is to be said of me." In some of the States women are allowed to act as school trustees, superintendents and directors; the question of appointing them to act as notaries public has been discussed in Ohio; their ordination as ministers has been allowed in one or two denominations; and other privileges will undoubtedly follow.

LITERATURE.

ECCELESIASTICAL litigation may be in itself something not to be coveted, and yet because it is sometimes unavoidable it is well that all proper means should be used to have it properly conducted. There is no doubt a good deal in having a good case, but second only to that condition is the having the court well informed respecting the law that it is to administer, and after this it may not be unimportant that the inculpated party should know his own rights, and be enabled, personally, or, better still, by counsel, to know how to enforce them. To render all this possible, a thoroughly digested book of Methodist legislation, with rules of evidence and procedure, would seem to be a necessity, and now we have just such a work to our hands—"Ecclesiastical Law, with Rules of Evidence"—the joint production of an Illinois judge and a Methodist bishop. The former, Hon. Wm. J. Henry, of Bloomington, who was a member of the General Conference of 1876, bringing his professional learning to bear on Methodist Church law, prepared and submitted for publication a thoroughly digested treatise on the subject, which, coming into the hands of Bishop W. L. Harris, who has also

made the study of that subject a specialty, was by him revised and enlarged, perhaps corrected in some cases, so that the work appears with an acknowledged double authorship. Part I (divided into sixteen chapters, but filling less than forty pages) treats of the general principles of law, and with some reference to ecclesiastical affairs; Part II (twenty chapters, sixty pages) is devoted to Church government, and specifically that of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Part III (twenty-one chapters, eighty-six pages) treats of "Evidence," generally; and Part IV (six chapters, seventy-five pages) of "Written Evidence;" Part V (eight chapters, sixty-two pages) indicates the rules and processes to be observed in ecclesiastical-legal practice. And, last of all, Part VI (two chapters, forty-two pages) points out the practical application of the principles before given.

The limits imposed by our want of space for a fuller discussion of the important matters embodied in this work forbid the attempt to discuss any of its valuable details. As a whole, we do not hesitate to speak well of the work, and we are glad that it has been written and published, and it is to be hoped that it

will be thoroughly studied by all who may be charged with the administration of our Church's affairs. Our jurisprudence is yet in its infancy, and the construction and application of the Church's law are often uncertain and contradictory. Acquaintance with this work will do much to obviate these really serious evils. We commend it to the notice of pastors, presiding elders, and bishops.

ANNOUNCEMENTS were made, some two years ago, by Nelson & Phillips, the Methodist Book Agents at New York, of their purpose to issue in original treatises a comprehensive "Library of Theological and Biblical Literature," under the editorial supervision of Drs. Crooks and Hurst, to which, besides the editors, who also undertake a part of the work, Dr. Harman, of Dickinson College; Dr. Bannister, of Garrett Biblical Institute; Drs. Bennett, of Syracuse, and Whitney of Hackettstown (conjointly); Bishop Foster (two volumes); Dr. Ridgeway and Dr. Winchell, were to contribute each a treatise on his designated subject or department. The first volume, Dr. Harman's "Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures,"* has just now been issued, in a finely executed and portly octavo. It seems to have been the author's purpose to present, with the least possible ostentation of scholarship, with the necessary brevity, the evidences in favor of the claims of the Bible, as a book of divine revelation, and as worthy of the confidence and veneration with which it has been held during all the ages of the Church. The first eight chapters, filling about seventy pages, are devoted to general discussions of Biblical antiquities as bearing upon the questions of the genuineness, authenticity, and integrity of the Biblical documents that have come down to the Church of the present time. After these, the several books and other divisions of the sacred canon are considered in detail, with special reference to the history, the literature, and the contents and structure of each.

A book covering about the same ground might have been made by compiling in due order the general and the particular introductions to the whole Bible, or any of its divi-

sions or books, and they may be found in any large commentary, as Lange's. But this book has not been so made. It is not a compilation but a composition. Its matter, in its entirety, has passed through the author's mind, and so become his own, so securing its originality and freshness, and rendering all its parts harmonious among themselves.

The work is a *weighty* one rather than a *heavy*. The subject is a large one, involving questions related to nearly every department of learning, which could be treated only with seriousness and careful attention. And then with most of these there is but little to be said that has not been said before, but which, nevertheless, could not be omitted. Nor would the subject permit the use of such a style of writing, and of such methods of illustration as are often and properly used in some other forms of writing. And yet because of the vigor and freshness of the writing it is saved from the plague of dullness. It is, however, a book to be studied rather than read for recreation, and for this purpose we know of none that can compare with it. And since, without marring its unity, it is still multifarious as a cyclopædia, it may be consulted at any time in respect to any part of the Bible.

Evangelical Rationalism,* by Dr. L. L. Knox, of Evanston (Hitchcock & Walden), is a little work designed to meet the usual forms of religious doubts among nominal Christians, who are, nevertheless, practically unbelievers. The author discusses, in successive chapters, Truth in Religious Systems; Moral Efficiency of Religious Systems; Degree of Human Responsibility; Faith in God; Faith in Christ; The Faith of Achievement; The Atonement; Probation; Retribution; Retribution for the Wicked; Retribution for the Righteous. His method is that of calm argumentation, assuming nothing that will not be readily granted, and proceeding from such premises to the desired conclusion. He thus produces a work especially adapted to the wants of thoughtful, but unconverted young person, whose lack of spiritual faith is ever inclining them to intellectual unbelief. The style is clear, calm, and forcible, the arguments well put, and the whole

*LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE. Volume I.—*Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*. By Henry M. Harman, D. D., Professor, etc., in Dickinson College. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 8vo. Pp. 738.

*EVANGELICAL RATIONALISM; or, A Consideration of Truths Practically Related to Man's Probation. By Loren L. Knox, D. D. Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden. 16mo. Pp. 250.

tone of the book is at once kind and earnest. In nearly every congregation there are young persons whom the pastor should induce to read it, and then to converse about it.

The fifth and sixth volumes of Harpers' series of "English Men of Letters" are *David Hume*, by Professor Huxley, and *Oliver Goldsmith*, by William Black.* As a biography or personal sketch, the former of these is extremely brief and meagre, this part making only two chapters and filling less than fifty pages—with the rest of its over two hundred pages, nine chapters, devoted to discussions of Hume's philosophy. With Hume's philosophy for a subject, and Mr. Huxley for delineator and critic, it is easy to conjecture what the result must be. The latter work has a very different subject from the former, and it is constructed on an entirely different plan. This is properly a biography, giving the facts of its subject's life history, so arranged as to present also his mental portraiture. It is sprightly, graphic, and full of information, easy and pleasant to read. The series, which promises to include a large number of England's literary celebrities, including also some of Scotland's and Ireland's, will prove especially acceptable to readers of limited means and opportunities for study, by bringing within their reach, at small expense, and in such condensed forms as to tax their time but slightly, a vast amount of interesting and valuable information. This set of books will make an excellent family library, sure to be read to profit.

CRABE'S SYNONYMS is an old-time standard, a book that many people have seen and used, but which, perhaps, nobody has ever "read through." Though books of synonyms for most languages, classic or modern, are abundant, this is almost without any competitors or companion for the English. A new edition† "with additions and corrections," now makes its appearance from the original American publishers. An indispensable library com-

panion, if definiteness and accuracy in the use of words are to be insisted upon, well-made and very compact.

DR. TRUE's histories and biographies have been well received by the public, as certainly they deserved to be, and now we are glad to see still an additional one, "The Thirty Years' War." This the author describes as "a tangled story of a long, terrible and eventful war," and which he professes to "have endeavored so to draw out as will make it easily understood by even youthful readers." We think he has very well succeeded in the effort, and that the book is a fitting companion for its predecessors from the same gifted, but now forever unused, hand.

A Glossary of Biological, Anatomical, and Physiological Terms, by Thomas Dunham, filling one hundred and sixty large pages, is itself a demonstration of the need for such a work. About twenty-five hundred words are given and defined, all technical in their meanings, and most of them not found in the ordinary dictionaries. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Harpers' Half-Hour Series. Twenty-five cents each. 91. "An International Episode." By Henry James, Jr. (Pp. 136). 92. "The Adventures of Ulysses." By Charles Lamb. (Pp. 159). The story of the Odyssey, in simple prose.

SOCIAL etiquette is *per se* a good thing, though it is quite capable of abuse by either excess or perversion. Properly guarded, not without a good share of honest conscientiousness, it acts as a lubricant on the machinery of society, or it serves as a bouquet of flowers upon the table—not adding any thing to the materials of the feast, and yet largely enhancing the excellence of the whole. And since in our free land not all who may be called into "society" are to "the manner born," those wanting the inherited advantages of "culture" must do the next best thing, that is, get it from a book. And for the benefit of all such (in New York) we now have a compilation,†

*ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. *Hume*, by Professor Huxley. 12mo. Pp. 206. 75 cents. *Goldsmith*, by William Black. 12mo. Pp. 152. 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

†ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED, in Alphabetical Order, With copious Illustrations and Examples Drawn from the Best Writers. To which is Added an Index to the Words. By George Crabb, A. M. A New Edition, with Additions and Corrections. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 856.

*THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. By Charles K. True, D. D., author of "Life and Times of Sir Walter Raleigh." Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 18mo. Pp. 211.

†SOCIAL ETIQUETTE of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo. Pp. 187.

a book of 18mo size, giving full directions as to how things are done, from "Introductions" to "Funeral Customs and Seasons of Mourning." We commend it to all who have need of instruction in respect to how they do things in *Gotham*.

AMONG their smaller or lighter works, D. Appleton & Co., New York, have lately issued four little volumes, entitled generally and particularly HEALTH PRIMERS. Square 24mo. Boards. No. I. *Exercise and Training*. By C. H. Ralfe, M. D. Pp. 96. No. II. *Alcohol, Its Use and Abuse*. By W. S. Greenfield, M. D. Pp. 95. No. III. *The House and its Surroundings*. Pp. 96. No. IV. *Premature Death, Its Promotion or Prevention*. Pp. 94. Able and instructive, though sometimes of questionable correctness; finely printed, with good paper and binding.

Also in their series of paper-covered novels, *My Guardian*. By Ada Cambridge. Illustrated by Frank Dicksee. 18mo. Pp. 274.

Modern Fishers of Men, among the various *Sexes, Sects, and Sets* of Chartville Church and Community. 18mo. Pp. 179.

AMONG Nelson & Phillips's recent minor publications, we notice:

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EX CATHEDRA.

THE STATE AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

THAT the civil government should have charge of the primary education of the children of its people, paying its cost out of the public funds, is the practically accepted American idea. And against this we are not disposed to make any protest. Indeed, while not undervaluing the reasons urged against it by some good and wise men, and granting as we do that the system has some very objectionable features, we still favor it as the best practicable. But while granting this in respect to primary education, we do not find equally forcible arguments in favor of delivering over to the same hands the intermediate and higher education of the youth of the land. It is possible in respect to the latter to concede the natural rights of parents and guardians, and of pupils themselves, to choose their own instructors, as it is not in the primary schools, where considerations of locality and vicinity must control. And there is a good deal of force in the argument that, as those who attend the primary schools reside at home, and are in school only four or five hours on each

of five days of the week, during which time they are closely occupied with their lessons, and that all the rest of the time they are subject to other influences, there is neither time nor need for other than simply secular government and instruction in these schools. But in our intermediate and higher schools the pupils are no longer at their homes, but are left to care for themselves, subject only to such moral restraints and impulses as may proceed from the institutions with which they may be connected. The formation of moral habits and character, though begun in childhood, proceeds much more rapidly during the years of more advanced youth and early manhood, and it is in the highest degree important that this formative period should be attended with the best possible moral influences. The subjects of instruction in the more advanced schools also become much more intimately related to moral conduct, and to religious faith and duty; and for that reason other than simply secular learning they become a necessity.

The mutual relations, involving rights and duties, of the Church and the State in

some of the higher and more delicate affairs of society present a still unsolved problem. The power of the Church as a social factor can not be called in question, and it is not demonstrated that society can be safely ordered without the aid of that power. The attempt so to conduct society is a highly perilous venture. Our whole system of corrections and charities, as conducted by the State, is immensely expensive, and at the same time lamentably insufficient; and the experiment, as far as it has been made, of providing for and managing institutions for the higher education by the State has not been altogether assuring. Viewed only in respect to secular learning, such institutions have in most cases proved both costly and ineffective, while in respect to moral and religious culture, they are quite disqualified to act; and yet in this society has the highest possible interest. We are quite ready, therefore, to agree with those who plead for the interference of the Church in this matter. The best interests of society demand it, and the Church's own obligations, as the guide and instructor of our youth and the conservator of the private and public morality of the people and nation, must ever hold her to that sacred duty. As in fact the advanced education of the country has from the beginning till now been chiefly in the hands of the Church, in some of its divisions, so will it no doubt continue. The public sentiment has ever favored the Church's presence and influence in our academical and collegiate institutions, and never more so than just now. It would, indeed, be a sad thing for society for the two to become divorced from each other.

But we have quite lately noticed certain intimations that the attempt may be made wholly to withdraw the patronage of the State from all grades of education but the lowest, and to leave intermediate and higher education to care for themselves as best they may. This may possibly be among the outcroppings of the latent Communism that affects society; and if so, here, as in other cases, it is at war with its own professed purpose. The proposed policy is also openly at war with the governing American notion in respect to education,—to wit, that society requires for its own safety and welfare a somewhat elevated grade of education among the people. Learning may,

indeed, profit the individual, but the advantages received by him are multiplied indefinitely in behalf of society. If it is conceded that the State may pay for the primary education of *all* the people, because in so doing it promotes its own interests, so may it with equal propriety pay, at least in part, for the higher education of those who choose the scholarly calling.

A liberally educated class is essential to the safety and elevation of society, a fact of which they who care for the public welfare can not afford to be unmindful. It is also evident that from that class must proceed the influences that shall shape and govern public affairs. To put the case plainly, it is certain that the educated classes will be the governing classes in society. But if, for lack of patronage, the cost of a liberal education shall be so enhanced that only the sons of the wealthy can hope to enjoy it, then will the affairs of society fall entirely into the hands of the wealthy families, who will form a favored caste, perpetuating their power by their wealth. Because of the cheapening of advanced education, by endowments and public gifts, a liberal education has become possible to thousands of those born in poverty, who have thus been lifted up from their humble position, and society has been enriched by their elevation.

The national government is paying out its hundreds of thousands every year to educate cadets for the army and navy; and a few years ago it gave millions of acres of public land for the promotion of agricultural education. In these cases there is an assumption that it is legitimate and expedient for the State to expend its funds for the proper education of some of its youth to fill important places in the commonwealth. May it not then be both lawful and wise to do somewhat for the promotion of that higher culture among its future citizens, so as to secure a sufficiently numerous liberally educated class properly to discharge the highest duties of citizenship, and especially to extend those privileges to the children of the not opulent classes? While, therefore, we plead for the remanding of academical and collegiate education to voluntary institutions, that the influence of the Churches may be enlisted in favor of advanced learning, we would also advocate as both lawful and expedient that out of its

abundance the State should aid them in their valuable work. The Church can do a much needed work in which all parties are interested much cheaper and better than the State can do it: but the needed pecuniary resources are with the State. The duties of the several parties would seem to be very plain.

"INDICATIONS."

THE Government's Signal Service has changed the style of its weather prognostics from "probabilities" to "indications." As we are now to note the signs of the times, with slight glancings into the future, in respect to financial affairs, we borrow their title for a heading to our writing. Our subject, if it lacks novelty, is still full of interest—though not altogether an agreeable one. The period of our financial depression has been a protracted and wearisome one, and its ending has been looked for, as men "wait for the morning." But the desired change does not yet come. And yet the darkness is not so dense but that some note may be made of the shiftings of the scene, and some intimations given of the tendencies of affairs, and of the depths of the ruin that has befallen the business and finances of the country since the collapse of the bubble of speculation and high values, some five or six years ago.

It is quite natural, and not altogether unwise, at such a time to ask, "What of the night?" and to note the responses that are given; or to change the figure, it may not be amiss for the inmates of the foundering ship to note, from time to time, the depth of the water in the hold. Facts are all along transpiring respecting these things that have a deeper significance than mere facts, because they tell what has already occurred, and also what are the certain tendencies of things. A few of these may be not unprofitably looked into, and asked to reveal to us whatever they may be able to teach. Let us consider some of these. A short time ago there appeared in the columns of a newspaper a list of twenty-one articles of ordinary household consumption, with their prices at wholesale as they were in 1865, and as they are now,—compiled, we are assured, from trustworthy data,—showing a decline of seventy per cent. Within the range of these articles, it appears that thirty cents will now purchase what fourteen years ago would have cost a

dollar. In the retail trade probably the decline of prices has not been so considerable, but evidently the most liberal allowance in that direction, at all consistent with the truth, would still leave a decline of one-half from the prices that ruled just after the close of the war of the Rebellion. And this subsidence of prices has occurred so steadily and slowly that no speedy reaction can be looked for; nor is it quite certain that the decline has gone its full length, so that the next movement must be in the opposite direction. It is said that trade is slightly improving; but this is so only where the reductions called for by the changed state of things have been accepted by sellers, and even then purchases are made very cautiously and in small quantities. Nobody is tempted to buy for a future rise, which clearly shows that such a change is not sufficiently assured to warrant transactions in view of it. And it is further to be noted that whatever of trade there now is, is confined to articles of immediate necessity—while all else is avoided. This is especially the case in respect to real estate, which is the chief form of permanent values, and of which there are almost absolutely no sales at all. The business instincts of the people which are both quicker and more trustworthy than any amount of theoretical reasoning, make them afraid of that form of property, at present rates, and forebode a still lower descent of prices. As nearly as any calculation can be made at this time, it appears that prices have fallen off fully one-half, and that a given sum of money will now purchase twice the amount of the commodities of living, that it would do fifteen years ago. And to this level every thing must come,—sales, wages, rates of interest, and rentals. When this new order of things shall be accepted on all hands, and the business of the country be adjusted to its conditions, business will again proceed smoothly, along its lower but not less really profitable course. The debtor class must accept their losses as permanent and irreversible, and submit to the inevitable depletion, perhaps hopeless bankruptcy, while the business world moves forward in its new order.

Another indication pointing the same way is the daily announcement of sales of four per cent government bonds,—already reaching to hundreds of millions of dollars. This shows

that, while there is an abundance of capital in the country, there is a great lack of any such methods of employing it as will return any but the lowest rates of profits. It shows also that there is a prevailing distrust respecting almost all kinds of securities, except those backed by the general government, and made payable in gold. There is no lack of borrowers, and there is an abundance of securities offering for loans; but there is a pervading distrust as to the availability of most forms of securities. Capitalists are seen turning away from offers of six, seven, and eight per cent interest backed by what would once have been esteemed first-class collaterals, and accepting instead the government's bonds at four per cent. Nor yet is there any considerable demand for money for business purposes,—the loans asked for being for the adjustment of existing indebtedness rather than for new enterprises. So far is the public confidence from being established, that not many are found willing to risk their capital in new adventures.

Three things are especially noticeable as obstacles in the way of the clearing of the financial atmosphere, and the restoration of a wholesome business activity. First of all, it will be necessary to ascertain what are the real values of the things to be sold and bought. As yet there is an irreconcilable disagreement as to these things between holders and would be purchasers. They who have goods or property to sell are not yet willing to come down to the prices that others feel safe to offer, and therefore transactions move heavily and unsatisfactorily. But this evil must be only temporary,—for holders must sell for what they can get, and purchasers must buy as best able. The second, and perhaps the most formidable difficulty, is found in the unsettled condition of our currency. To-day our currency is at par with that of the commercial world, but there are laws on our statute-books that may reduce it ten or twenty per cent below that standard, and in the presence of that possibility capital is afraid to venture upon the treacherous and uncertain sea. The government bonds pay gold, and their dollars mean a hundred cents in the world's currency; but other debts, old or new, are payable in a currency of uncertain value, and therefore capital prudently prefers the certain to the uncertain. This dreaded possibility of

a return to a depreciated currency restrains the capital of the country from entering into business or commercial enterprises. Nor do we see how this evil can be obviated, till our rulers shall come to appreciate properly the necessities of the case.

The third difficulty in the way of the restoration of the business interests of the country is the great burden of taxation imposed upon property, especially at the chief business centers. By reason of this a very large proportion of the proceeds of legitimate business is drawn away to pay taxes, so that in many cases lines of business that might otherwise be made profitable can not be conducted without loss. In such a state of things it is scarcely possible that business should resume its former activity. And because the bonds of the government are exempt from taxation capitalists find in them a refuge from that form of exaction, while the business enterprises of the country languish.

These are some, not all, of the "indications" of the future of the business of the country. If the outlook is not all that could be desired, it is still wise to look at the subject intelligently, and to accept the lessons taught us. No doubt the worst is past, but the old order of things will not soon return to us. Perhaps it is best that it should not.

WITH this month's issue we reach the conclusion of "Among the Thorns," which has been running through successive numbers for sixteen months. It was expected that it would be concluded within the year (1878), so that all who might have the magazine for that year would possess a complete copy; but as the story advanced it was found that it would be impossible to accomplish that result consistently with the author's plot, and we accordingly consented, though reluctantly, to extend it into the present year. It is now complete, and in view of that event we congratulate all parties concerned. The story is, according to our estimation, a production of very great excellence, as to both its invention and its artistic structure and finish, while its tone is exceptionally elevated and wholesome, and its moral lessons of the very best. We hope soon to see it reproduced in book form, where it can hardly fail to rank with the best fictions of the day.